THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XVII. R. BONNER, {EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 40 PARK ROW. NEW YORK, APRIL 27, 1861. TERMS, {$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 8.

MY FADED HOPE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I'm in the seat, my darling,
Which thou wert wont to choose,
At hush of holy twilight,
In solitude to muse,—
Thy young brow resting on thy hand,
The deep thought in thine eye,
That from the beauty of the earth
Took coloring for the sky.

The vine doth stretch, my darling,
Its arms across the pane,
And every sweet, blue violet holds
A pearly drop of rain,—
The robin chirpeth from her nest,
The thrush a song doth pour,
But the rich music of thy voice
Returneth nevermore.

There is no hand, my darling,
Like thine mine own to press—
No spirit-smile intense as thine
To light my loneliness;
The wheels of life move heavily
Since last I look'd on thee,
But we are nearer now than then,
And that doth comfort me.

Hartford, Conn., April 27th, 1861.

SILVERTHORNE;

OR,

THE HEIRS OF CHESWOLD MANOR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XXII.

SUSPICIONS.

When Silverthorne returned he had thrown off the trooper's habit, and his flowing hair and beard once more appeared in their snowy whiteness. He did not beat long about the bush, but came directly to the subject upon which it was natural that his friends should be most interested.

"So far, so good," he said, after he had taken a seat. "For the present, at least, you are safe; for I do not believe that we have been tracked hither; and here I think you will have to quietly remain until the heat of the search is over. You have obeyed me thus far most promptly, and I hope you will continue to trust me."

"Surely," said Darwood, in a grateful tone, "if we can judge from what we have seen, we have every reason to trust you."

"What I have commenced," returned Silverthorne, "I will carry out, if I can. And that you may understand just how this has been brought about, I will explain; for I suppose you are somewhat curious to know."

They both answered that they were; and they listened attentively while the old man spoke.

"From a fancy of my own, conceived as old men sometimes conceive odd things, I had entertained the idea of saving you two, should danger threaten your crew. I may here say, that Elroy Clifton was my prime object; and John Darwood came for his sake. I had been watching for the return of the smugglers to our coast, but they came when I knew it not; and the first intimation I had of their presence was from Roger Brentwood, who stopped at Cheswold with his gang. It was told to me that the brig had cast anchor at the mouth of the Loyne, and thither, as soon as I could make some preliminary arrangements, I made my way; but, when I arrived, Barthol had gone. To find his whereabouts was impossible. The bailiff and his men were on the track, and they might get ahead of me, for they had advantages which I did not possess. What was I to do? There was but one way. If I could not get ahead of the bailiff, I must go with him. I sent word back to Cheswold for Luke Bissell to come on with two spare horses, and then I hastened on to Carnford, where I had learned that Brentwood was to stop. I disguised myself, and offered the bailiff my services, which he accepted as readily as they had been tendered. I saw Luke, and spoke with him privately, directing him to go to the old cot, and there wait for me. You know the rest, about as well as I can tell it. That I joined the bailiff was most fortunate, for I certainly should not have found you otherwise until too late. However, it has turned out well. You are free from the prison—free from the court—free from public exposure—and, I hope, free forever!"

The old man's voice quivered with these last words: and so palpable was the depth of his warm feelings, that both his hearers were sensibly affected.

"My dear sir," said Elroy, speaking tremulously under the burden of gratitude, "I know not what words of mine can convey to you the thanks you have a right to expect; but you will believe, nevertheless, that we both appreciate, in the deepest possible manner, not only the value of your services, but also the noble friendship you have extended to us. And yet—pardon me if I ask you a question. You have brought us to Farworth. You have lodged two outlaws beneath this roof. May we not trespass upon the hospitality of its fair mistress?"

"Not in the least, my son. I saw the Lady Lorinda before I set out, and obtained her permission to bring you here."

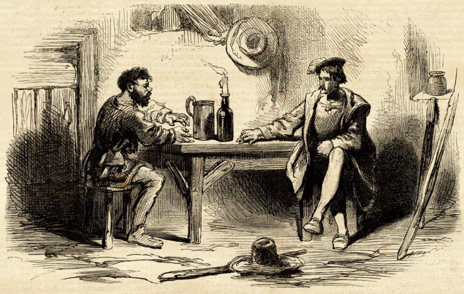
"And she gave that permission because she felt that she owed to me a debt of gratitude for the service I once did. Is it not so?"

"That consideration may have influenced her. In all probability it did."

The youth worked his hands upon his knees as though he were troubled in spirit; but gradually the mood passed off, and he seemed to have disposed of a difficulty. But it was not the only difficulty which was present to his mind. If he had, for the time, satisfied himself touching the part which Lorinda Verbrook had played in the affair, he was still anxious concerning the motives of the old boat-builder.

"You must allow me to ask you another question," he said, when he had quietly disposed of his working hands. "You may think me curious; you may think me too curious; but I beg that you will not think me ungrateful, or willing to trespass upon your forbearance. I am a human being, with human emotions; and it is natural that I should be anxious to know why you, who are a stranger to me, should take such an interest in my welfare."

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



A PAIR OF VILLAINS.

"I have but served you as I would serve any suffering fellow," the old man replied.

"No, no," said Elroy, with a shake of the head. "That is not so. Not only did you single me out from a full crew, but you also ran much risk. In fact, I think you ran the same risk that hung over me while in the bailiff's hands. I am not much of a lawyer, but I fancy that, in rescuing me from the hands of the law, you committed a crime which might, upon conviction, work for you a serious result. Ah, my good, kind sir—there must have been something more than you have yet acknowledged."

Siverthorne arose and walked to the window; and that he was deeply agitated was evident from the tremor which shook his frame. In a little while, however, he returned, and laid his hand upon the youth's arm.

"Elroy Clifton," he said, in a tone scarcely raised above a whisper, "I have saved you from a dark doom; and I would serve you yet further. I have a reason for this which you know not, and which I am not now willing to reveal. I have saved John Darwood because he has been your firm and true friend. You must remain here a few days, and then we can plan further for your safety. In the meantime I beg that you will trust me, and ask me no questions. Will you do this?"

Of course the youth could not refuse.

"I must go now," resumed Silverthorne, "and see that you have safe apartments provided. You shall want for nothing while you are here."

With this the old man left the room, and both the smugglers gazed for some time upon the spot where he had last stood. Elroy was the first to break the silence.

"Who and what is that man?"

Darwood did not seem to hear the question, for he continued to gaze steadily upon the vacant spot without making any reply.

"Darwood!"

"Did you speak?"

"Yes. I asked you if you could tell me who or what that man is."

"You mean Silverthorne?"

"Of course."

"I can tell you nothing."

"But you think something. How do your thoughts run?"

"I cannot tell you, my boy. Don't ask me. He is a perfect enigma to me. I hope, as you must hope, that we shall, at some time, know him better."

"You know his story?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever know him when he was a smuggler?"

"No. He passed from that stage before I entered upon it."

After this our hero sought the window again; and ere long Silverthorne came to conduct them to the apartments which had been provided for their use.

In the meantime Roger Brentwood had been considerably exercised by the loss of two of his prisoners. He had discovered their absence before he reached Carnford, and had immediately sent back four of his men in pursuit. Upon reaching the latter place he made a halt, and sent off four more scouts; and, having provided for the issuing of placards, he pushed on to Lancaster, where his remaining prisoners were safely lodged in jail. He then sought the chief of the police force, and having given a narrative of the circumstances, together with a description of the missing men, a detachment of detectives were sent forth, with instructions to scour the country in every direction.

At noon Owen Murdock arrived at Lancaster, and soon found the bailiff. He professed to have come on other business; but still, from mere curiosity, he would like to know how the mission against the smugglers had succeeded.

"I have heard," he said, "that two of the number escaped. Is it so?"

"Yes," replied the bailiff, with an oath. "But we'll find 'em if they're in the county."

"Did you know their names?"

"Yes—I found 'em out. They were down on the books as John Darwood and Elroy Clifton; and so I've advertised 'em. Darwood was an old man—older than I am, and Clifton was a young one. But they haven't made a sure thing of it yet. There are sharp ones out after 'em."

Owen Murdock had been somewhat moved when he heard the names of the escaped men called; but he managed not to betray his feelings, which he was enabled to do the more easily, as Brentwood was too much occupied with his own reflections to notice the emotions of his visitor.

"How did they manage to escape?"

"Ah—there it is," cried the bailiff, with another oath. "If they'd got off by their own wits I shouldn't have cared so much; because these villainous rascals often give the keenest officers the slip; but, to be bamboozled by those I trusted—that's what works on me!"

"Ah—then they had help?"

"Had help? I should think they did!" And here the sheriff's officer swore again—this time more roundly than before. "This is how it is, Mr. Murdock: At Carnford, yesterday, some of my men gave me the cold shoulder. They pretended to be sick; but I believe they were cowards. However, that's neither here nor there. They went, and new men volunteered to take their places. These new chaps were stout fellows, and I took 'em; and one of 'em went off with the two prisoners. It was a mighty dark night, and we were in a mighty dark place."

Murdock was anxious to know what kind of a looking man he was who helped the prisoners off; but Brentwood could only tell that he was a middle-aged man, with a long black beard, and that he wore a slouched hat.

"I think the scamp was disguised," the official added; "but I am sure I should know him if I should see him; and I hope I shall see him one of these days—I hope I shall!"

Towards the middle of the afternoon dispatches and reports began to come in, and Owen Murdock waited to hear them. First came a man who had been into Westmoreland, and he reported that no such men as the fugitives had been described to be, had been that way. Then came two scouts from Yorkshire—one from the Ingleton cross-road, and the other from the six corners of Settle; and their report was the same as the former. Following this came word from Toside and Whitewell, also to no effect. But presently a courier came in from Hollings, whose report had some jingle to it. Four men, upon horseback, had crossed the high road, not far from that town, only a short time before daylight, making towards the coast; and good officers were upon their track.

An hour later another courier arrived from beyond Hollings. He said that the four horsemen had been traced to the forest of Farworth, and there all clue was lost. He brought intelligence from as far as Cheswold Manor, but the fugitives had not been seen there.

Owen Murdock did not wait to hear any more. As soon as he was alone, he reasoned with himself; and he believed that he had a pretty sure clue to the whereabouts of the missing smugglers. Where would Elroy Clifton be so likely to seek shelter as at Farworth? And who would be more ready to afford protection than the lady whose life he had saved? These two questions were very simple; and they were very quickly answered in Owen's mind. At all events, he resolved to satisfy himself upon this point, and to this end he ordered his horse, and left the city. It was sundown before he reached the Colgate; and when he turned from the great mail road, it was fairly dark. He did not ride fast, for he felt that there was no need of it. And, moreover, he had something to think of as he rode on; and he muttered his thoughts, as though there were a second person within himself to whom he was desirous of communicating his fancies. He muttered of Elroy Clifton so often, and so much, that at times it seemed as though the ghost of that individual had arisen to accompany him on his way.

Just as the clock was striking nine, Owen stopped at the door of Farworth Hall, and was soon ushered into the presence of the Lady Lorinda.

"My dear child," he said, with a smile which he had been practising upon for the last half-hour, "I find myself, at this late hour, under the shadow of your roof, and I have a mind to claim your hospitality for the night. I hope I do not intrude."

If Lorinda had been a little disconcerted upon beholding Owen Murdock, she quickly recovered herself, and assured him that he was welcome.

He told her, after he had taken his seat, that he had been to Lancaster on business; and he mentioned, in a careless manner, as he sipped his wine, that a gang of smugglers had been apprehended, and were safely in prison.

Lorinda made but little reply to this, rather acting as though the matter did not interest her particularly.

And then Owen went on to tell that it was Duncan Barthol and his crew, who had been apprehended.

"And," he pursued, "they will be speedily tried and condemned; for their crimes are notorious. The officers were very fortunate, as they succeeded in capturing the whole gang; and that too, without much trouble."

Ah, Lorinda Verbrook was not schooled in deception, or she would have acted more like herself. She still continued to speak as though she felt little interest in the matter. She even succeeded so far in controlling her feelings, that she did not once betray any startled emotions. She saw that Owen's eyes were upon her; or, at least, she thought they were,—and she hoped to lead him astray.

Poor girl! She did not know how like a crystal she was, and how plainly Owen Murdock was counting the pulsations of her heart. Did he not know that she must entertain a most lively gratitude towards Elroy Clifton? And did he not know that she must be aware of the fact that the capture of Duncan Barthol's crew involved the capture of young Clifton? And, furthermore, did he not know that, if she had acted herself, she would have been startled and terrified by such a piece of information?—Certainly. Then what was the inference? Why—that she had not only heard of all this before; but that she knew that the youth was safe.

At all events, so reasoned Owen; and so well satisfied was he with this reasoning, that he desired to push the matter no further at that time; and, after conversing awhile upon other topics, he signified his readiness to retire.

"I must be off early in the morning," he said; "and if I do not see you before I go, you must remember me kindly, and be assured that nothing but business took me away without giving you the morning's greeting."

Lorinda excused him beforehand, and then called a servant to conduct him to his chamber.

When the mistress of Farworth was alone, she wondered if Owen Murdock suspected anything. She hoped not—she tried to make herself believe that he did not. And yet she was not easy. She wished that things had been different. She did not feel sorry that Elroy Clifton was beneath her roof. No, no,—her sorrow was in the presence of the dark-browed man from Cheswold.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PLOTTINGS.

The sun was just peeping over the distant hill of the "Back-bone" when Owen Murdock issued from the hall on the following morning. In the stable he found a small boy at work sifting out the litter of the horses, the grooms not having yet made their appearance.

"You know me, my lad, don't you?" said Owen, with a gracious smile.

"Oh—ye-es, sir," replied the boy, evidently much pleased at being thus spoken to by a gentleman. "You be the 'Squire, from Ches'old."

"Yes,—and I'm in a hurry, too. Do you think you and I together can get my horse ready?"

"O, yes, sir. I can fix the hoss if he aint ugly. I'm used to hosses, sir."

"Then let's have the beast out here, my son; and we'll see you saddle him.

"But he hasn't been fed, sir."

"Never mind that. It's only to Cheswold, and he'll be fed well there."

The horse was brought out, and with a little assistance, the boy succeeded very well.

"And now," said Owen, with another of his gracious smiles, "here's a bright shilling for you. You are a smart lad, and, I hope, an honest one."

The little fellow's eyes sparkled as he grasped the silver, and he evidently felt himself quite rich, and the flattery, too, was well relished.

"When I come again, I'll have another shilling for you."

The boy seemed to see his shilling growing into a fortune.

Owen pretended to be fixing the girth, and while he did so, he carelessly remarked—

"I didn't know that there were visitors here when I came last night."

The boy stared at the speaker, but made no reply.

Then Owen went around upon the other side of his horse, and fixed something there.

"I was very glad to find the young man here. When did he arrive?"

"Who? What young man?" said the boy, staring more earnestly than before.

"I mean the one that came yesterday morning. He came very early, didn't he?"

"O—I know now, sir. Yes—he did come early. He come afore I was up. There was two of 'em come, and I guess more, but there wasn't only two of 'em stopped here."

"Did you see them?"

"No, sir. I didn't see them as stopped. I guess they was away in the house. But I saw two men just ridin' away down towards the river."

"Upon my word," said Owen, speaking more directly to the lad, "I shouldn't wonder if one of those men was the very one I've been away to see. I hope I haven't missed him. He promised to be at Cheswold yesterday, and I must have been away. Could you tell me what kind of looking men they were?"

"One of 'em, sir, I couldn't tell you anything about, but the other one I thought was that old man that lives close by the river at Ches'old. I was off in the garden when they started, but I got a sight at 'em as they was a goin', and I seed the long white hair and beard."

"I'm a thousand times obliged to you, my boy. That's the very man I wished to see. I shall find him at Cheswold. You have saved me quite a jaunt, and here's another shilling for you. You haven't seen the two men that stopped in the house?"

"Only at the window, sir. I seed 'em at the window a little while yesterday," replied the boy, as he clutched the second bright piece of silver.

"An old man and a young man, eh?"

"Yes, sir; I s'pose they must be the ones that come, for I never seed 'em afore."

"It doesn't make any odds. There—I guess the saddle will ride right now. Take care of yourself, my son, and be a good boy. I shall see you again one of these days."

With this Owen Murdock leaped into the saddle and rode away, and when he reached Cheswold he eat his breakfast, and then sent for his son to join him in the library. He did not mutter and ponder now, but his movements seemed to indicate that there was no longer any question upon his mind, or, at any rate, that he had sufficient grounds for present action.

The door of the ante-room was closed and locked, as was the door of the library itself, and Owen Murdock and his son were alone together.

"Have you seen Silverthorne?" was the parent's first question.

"Yes," replied Gerald. "He came yesterday forenoon."

"Was he alone?"

"I did not see him when he came, but I suspect that Luke Bissell was with him."

"Aha! Now I have it," cried Owen, with an emphatic clap of the hands. "I see through it all now. The groom has furnished horses to the old rascal. He, too, is at work against us."

"Then we must send him off."

"No, no—that wouldn't answer. He is too old a hand here, and too intimately connected with the institution. It would cause too much stir. We will let him work—we will watch him, and circumvent him. But, my boy, I have gained some important news, and, if I am not greatly mistaken, we have good ground for action. The bailiff apprehended the smugglers night before last. He captured them all, but two of them made their escape. Silverthorne worked his way into the bailiff's party under a disguise, and succeeded in setting free Elroy Clifton and John Darwood. He conducted them to Farworth, and they are now sheltered beneath that roof."

"But," said Gerald, speaking from the first thought that entered his mind, "what has Silverthorne to do with those two smugglers?"

"That isn't the question, my son."

"But it's a question with me, nevertheless. I should like to know what there is about it. There is some mysterious connection between this young Clifton and our affairs, and this movement of the old boat-builder takes thence some importance."

"And if it does," said Owen, "we have not time to attend to it now. For the present we have to do with the relations between these smugglers and the Lady Lorinda. Do you not see that in this we have full reason for the consummation we have been aiming at? With the proof of this unlawful deed I can easily obtain guardianship over the girl."

"Well, governor, and what then? We accomplish nothing until she is my wife, and how will your guardianship effect that? It will be difficult, I ween, to compel her to marry me."

"Perhaps not," said Owen, quietly.

"Aha—you have some plan!"

"Yes, I have it all before me."

"Then elucidate."

"Just think, my son, of the position in which we find the maiden at this present time." Owen leaned forward, with the right fore-finger resting upon his left palm, as though he had his plan all written down there. "Think of the story we can publish: The young outlaw once saved the Lady Lorinda's life, for which she was very grateful. After that he visited her, and, he being a handsome youth, she fell desperately in love with him. When she knew that the smugglers were likely to be captured, she sent her servants, and had this young villain set free, and afterwards gave him shelter from the king's officers in her own house. Do you follow me?"

"Yes. Go on."

"Well, can I, as her guardian, allow her to remain under such influences?"

"Certainly not," said Gerald, who seemed to have an inkling of what was coming.

"Of course I cannot," resumed Owen. "The duty of guardian compels me to take some decisive step. I must remove her from the danger. Do you see?"

"Go on."

"I must remove her from the danger," and the finger rose and fell upon the palm with pointed emphasis. "I have it all here. Away up in Cumberland, upon the shore of the Solway Firth, there is a place where she could be kept most safely. Within the walls of a certain building there she could be shut out from all the rest of the world. When she was gone from here, her absence could be easily excused upon the grounds I have mentioned, and when she is once there, she is as completely at our will as was ever a child at the will of a parent. We can do as we please, and no earthly power can call us to account. She shall there become your wife, living or dead. Do you comprehend it now?"

Gerald reached over and took his father's hand.

"Governor," he said, slowly and emphatically, "I understand you, and I am ready for the work. Cheswold must be mine. It shall be mine if there is power on earth to accomplish it. Be assured that I shall not fail you in the hour of trial."

Owen Murdock arose and paced up and down the apartment for some time. His brow was more contracted than it had been before, and his thoughts were of the deepest kind. Several times he stopped, with his hands pressed anxiously together, and then resumed his walk, with his head bent lower down. At length he drew his chair close to the side of his son, and sat down.

"Gerald," he said, in a whisper, so low and hoarse that it made the young man start, "we are embarked upon a stern undertaking. If we fail, we go to the bottom. If we succeed, we rise to a proud stand. And, if we work together, we must succeed. But, my son, there is more against us than you dream of. At least, I have strong suspicions that way. I have spoken to you of Silverthorne. That he is opposed to us I am very sure; but how much power he has I cannot tell you. He is an enigma to me, and I cannot understand him. Still, I think, with care, a practical solution might be worked. We might dispose of him as Alexander disposed of the Gordian knot."

"Alexander cut that knot with his sword," said Gerald.

"Exactly," returned Owen, looking his son steadily in the face.

"I understand," the young man added, with a nod, and a compression of the lips. "The old wretch has lived as long as it was appointed unto man to live."

"To speak the truth," resumed Owen, after a pause, "I am afraid of that man; and the more I see of him, and note his movements, the more do I fear him. The very mystery that hangs about him is in itself threatening; and the sooner he is out of our way, the better it will be for us."

"Then," said Gerald, bringing his fist down upon his knee, "let us consider that matter settled. If we cannot contrive to remove him, we are not witty. Is that all?"

"No."

"What else is there?"

Owen Murdock gazed steadily into Gerald's face for some moments; and finally he said, in that same hoarse tone which had so startled his listener before:

"There is another whom we have to fear. It is possible that I am mistaken; but I do not believe it. We are to work together, and you shall know all that I suspect. Don't ask me to explain anything at present, for I shall tell you all that has any bearing upon our case."

Murdock arose and went to the door, and then came back, drawing his chair nearer to his son than before. Then he leaned forward till his lips almost touched Gerald's ear, and whispered the secret he had to tell. He was not long in telling it, for it required not many words. Gerald, when he had heard it, leaped to his feet, and caught his father by the shoulders.

"IS THIS SO?"

"I think it is, my son!"

The junior Murdock sank back into his chair, and gazed into his senior's face.

"By the powers of darkness and of death, there is something to be done!"

"Aye, my boy; and we must do it. Are you ready?"

"Yes. The die is cast, and I will not falter?"

"Then," said Owen, after a little reflection, "I have a mind to leave this last affair with you. If you can manage it as well as you did the will, all may come out right. I must go and see the chancellor to morrow; and while I am securing the hold upon Lorinda Verbrook, could you not be bringing this to some practical point?"

Gerald thought awhile, and at length gave utterance to an exclamation of satisfaction.

"I think I have it," he said, with a look and tone of assurance. "At Garstang there is a fellow who would serve our purpose. I know him well; and he *knows* that I know him. He would cut a throat for a crown, or rob a church. And he is a fellow of wit, too. By the mass, he is our man. Under the circumstances I think a third party is absolutely necessary. I could not work at Farworth. It would not be safe. And then this business should be done at once."

"If," replied Owen, with an impressive inclination of the head, "you can depend upon this man, it would be better to engage him; for, as you say, there would be danger in your undertaking the work in person. But, remember how much is at stake. If the rascal should prove treacherous——"

"I'll lay my life upon his faithfulness," interrupted Gerald. "I can hold him; and I know that he will serve me, too. I have a mind to start at once."

"You had better wait until near evening. It is not over two hours' ride to Garstang."

"You are right, governor. Till evening it is. And, in the meantime, what shall we do?"

"I shall start for Lancaster again, and have my documents of guardianship made out as soon as possible. I have the bonds all prepared, and I apprehend no trouble. A better plea than the one I am enabled now to put in could not have fallen to me."

The father and son spent some time longer in the library, arranging and systematizing their plans, and then they separated; the latter lounging off down by the river, to see if old Silverthorne was at his shop, while the former was ere long in his saddle again, remarking to the groom, as his horse was brought out, that he should not return that day.

Men high in station are usually high in power; and yet it often happens that such men are not always honest. And it sometimes happens, too, that men who are called upon, by their high position, to extend help and succor to the needy, reverse the order, by oppressing those who need their aid for the benefit of some one entirely beyond the reach of want. And, furthermore, it has happened in the world's history, and may happen for ages to come, that men have held offices who were not fit to hold them; and that deeds of most consummate wrong have been done under the guise of right.

And so happened it when Owen Murdock went to obtain letters of guardianship over the heiress of Farworth. He asserted that she had given shelter to outlaws, and offered to bring the proof. And he furthermore asserted that the girl had fallen in love with one of the smugglers, and might marry with him if seasonable restraint were not interposed. Upon this pretext the prayer of the petitioner was granted; and when Owen Murdock left Lancaster he was clothed with full power over the person and property of Lorinda Verbrook. Of course he had promised to do all things justly and honorably by his charge, but who was to call him to account? Who was to follow him in his plottings, and note his tortuous windings? Surely, only that One who reads the secrets of every human heart!

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN HOUR AFTER MIDNIGHT!

Within the limits of the town of Garstang, and close by the ruins of the old castle of Greenhalgh, stood a wild-looking cot, or hut, half buried in the hill-side, and the other half mostly hidden by a thick, tangled growth of thorns and vines. Within this hovel lived Samus McDowd. Some people said that Samus went down to the sea-shore, and caught fish; and thus eked out his sustenance. Others said that he had money buried in the ground, upon which he drew for his livelihood. Others, still, said that he was a wicked man, and did many things which he ought not to do. However, there he lived, effectually baffling the curiosity of those who felt much interest in his affairs.

It was late in the evening—perhaps well into the night—and Samus McDowd sat in his hut, by an old deal table, upon which burned a single candle, flanked by a bottle and a pewter cup. He was a small-framed man; past the middle age; with coarse, grizzled hair and beard; and habited in a garb somewhat soiled and torn. Though small of frame, he was by no means slight, or lacking in muscular development. He had been the best wrestler of that region; and few who knew him would even now have wished to put his cat-like strength and agility to the test. Samus sat there by his table, engaged in cleaning the lock of a pistol, when his quick ear caught the sound of a footfall without. He put by his work, and listened; and presently there came a rap upon his door. A second, and a third rap followed, and then he answered:

"Who's there?"

"Come and see," was the response from without.

"*Who's there?*" in a quick, stern tone.

"It's a friend. Let me in."

"My friends are not so plenty that I keep an open house for them at night; so speak again. Who are you?"

"Are you alone?"

"You shall see, if you work your way in."

There was a slight hesitation on the part of the man without; but he finally gave his name, and was at once admitted.

"I have to be kind o' careful in these times," the host said, as he refastened the door, and then set a stool for his visitor. "I aint fond o' company, so I'm choice of my guests. But Gerald Murdock 's welcome at any time."

Gerald nodded his head by way of recognizing the compliment, and then took something from the bottle which his host pushed towards him.

"You are well, I hope," he said, after he had set down the cup.

"Yes," returned Samus.

"Well enough for work?"

"Of course; for I live by work."

"And you can do such work as you have done before."

"Yes," said the grizzled man, with a keen, sharp look into his visitor's face. "I can work in the dark for pay; and I can work in the dark for revenge, too, if necessary. I haven't the least doubt but that some of my good friends would peep a little more closely into my affairs, only they know that there'd be a sharp knife in the way."

"At all events," returned Gerald, without seeming to feel the force of the gentle hint thus thrown out, "there is no need of my peeping into your affairs, for I know you well enough now. If I hadn't known you, I shouldn't have sought you on my present business."

During the first part of these remarks, Mc Dowd had betrayed a little uneasiness; but the last sentence seemed to quiet him.

"Then you have business," he said.

"Certainly. And when you know what it is, you will know how thoroughly I trust you."

"Well," pursued the host, with his hands upon his knees, and his body bent forward, "suppose we come to the point. What is the business?"

"It is a work of taking off. There are two men who are very much in my way; and circumstances are such that I cannot handily get at them."

"I think I understand," said Samus, with a fiendish leer. "There are too men whom you want killed; and you want me to do it, eh?"

This was rather a plain way of stating the case; but, nevertheless, Gerald was forced to admit that it was correct. However, ere he explained further, he was anxious to know if his host would do the work.

"The work itself won't stand in the way," replied Samus. "If you can make it an object for me to do it; and I find that it can be done—why, there's an end on't. Now explain."

"Are you acquainted with Duncan Barthol's crew?"

"Somewhat."

"Do you know John Darwood and Elroy Clifton?"

"I've seen 'em."

"Have you any particular friendship for them?"

"Not a bit."

"Well—they are the ones I would have put out of my way. They are now at Farworth Hall—they are concealed there, having escaped from the officers; and if the work is done at all it must be done quickly, for they may not remain there long. You can contrive to work your way into the hall?"

"I guess so. With this face of mine clean shaved, I can work my way anywhere; but I must be paid for taking my beard off."

Gerald had calculated to pay well; and the old rascal was soon made to understand that a fair harvest of golden sovereigns would be the reward of his labor. The basis of negotiation being thus fixed, it only remained to make arrangements for the consummation, which was done without much trouble. McDowd was sadly in want of money, and Gerald Murdock was deeply anxious to invest a round sum in blood. So McDowd agreed to furnish the latter, and Gerald promised to pay. A part of the price was paid down, and the rest was to be forthcoming when the deed was done.

Towards midnight Gerald Murdock was on his way back to Cheswold. Samus McDowd had put away his pistol, and was looking after materials equally deadly, but not quite so noisy.

* * * * * * *

Early in the morning one of the servants at Farworth found an old woman sitting upon the stoop of the back porch. She was poorly clad, and her garments were covered with dust; and when she was spoken to she said that she was wayworn and weary, and well nigh faint. Other servants soon came, and the wayfarer was taken into the house, and warm drink provided for her. By and by the Lady Lorinda came, and when she saw the poor creature, her sympathies were deeply moved.

Who was she, and where was she from?

She said she was from Manchester, and was going up into Cumberland. She had friends in Cumberland; and if she could reach them, she should be well cared for. But now she was sick and faint, and needed rest ere she could proceed.

She could have rest there, Lorinda said. She could have rest and shelter and nursing.

"I am very tired. I walked all night long. I dared not stop by the wayside, for fear I might sink and die."

"Then you must have a bed, my good woman."

"Ah, if you can find in your house some dark, out-of-the-way corner, where it is fit that such as I should be placed, I might rest, and gain strength, and resume my journey with a world of gratitude."

Certainly the poor creature should have a place for repose, and a comfortable place at that. And Lorinda herself, when she had directed some of her servants to assist the woman along, went up to see that the chamber was aired, and that the bed was soft. The hag objected to so fine a room; but she was assured that there were none poorer for guests; and she was welcome to it. It was only hoped that she might be speedily blessed with returning health and strength.

Did she want more food or drink?

No—not now. Perhaps, when she awoke, she might want something of the kind; but, at present, she felt the need of only rest.

And so she was left alone, in the quiet chamber, to repose as best she could.

"My good lady," said Ellen Chapman, "I wouldn't have taken that old beldam into the house."

"Hush, Ellen! What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say. She should have slept in one of the sheds, or in the stable. I don't like the looks of her."

"That's your foolish imagination, child. Would you cast away into the cold a poor creature like that, simply because she is rough and uninviting in her exterior? Fie, Ellen! I thought you had more feeling."

"You wrong me, my dear mistress, indeed you do. I would nurse a dog that fell by the wayside; but I would not nurse a wolf. I looked not upon the woman's garb; nor yet upon the dirt that had besoiled her; but upon the face she wore—upon the threatening light that burned in her eyes. I believe she is a wicked woman."

"You should not judge too hastily, my girl. But I will not blame you, for you may be right. Still, as a child of God, and as one who is weak, I will shelter her. If there is sin upon her, it is she who must bear the burden. Heaven defend that I should add to her sufferings."

Ellen was somewhat softened by this reply; and, though she could not rid herself of the idea that the hag was of an evil disposition, still she urged the thought no more.

In the meantime the wayfarer, who had really been without sleep during the night, slept soundly upon the soft bed—slept until almost noon; and then arose and looked about. By and by she lounged out into the corridor, and groped her way around as though she had a curiosity to see how the inside of Farworth Hall was constructed. She went from door to door, listening here, and listening there—dodging into dark corners, and creeping away into recesses, until she had made a survey of nearly the whole of the rear wing of the building. And she seemed to have accomplished some purpose, too; for when she finally commenced to retrace her steps, she did so with the bearing of one who has found a thing sought after. She had reached the corridor leading to her own chamber, when the sound of approaching footsteps fell upon her ear. She stopped, and sank down upon the floor; and when the servant came up, she professed that she had sought to find help, and had fainted by the way.

"I felt a dying sensation creeping over me," she said, in a weak, cracked voice, "and I feared that my end was nigh. I didn't want to die alone. But I'm better now. I'll go back to my chamber."

The servant, who had come up on purpose to see if the old woman wanted anything, helped her back to her chamber; and then went to bring some wine and cake. Towards night she said she felt much better; and when Lorinda visited her, previous to retiring, she professed to be almost well.

"All I needed," she said, "was food and rest. I hope I shall be able to set forth in the morning."

"But," suggested Lorinda, "would you not like to have some one remain by you during the night? You may have another of your fainting spells."

"O, no,—there is no possible danger of that. I was weak then; but I am strong now. I was weak from want of food; but your generous wine has quickened my blood, and I feel my heart beating in better tune."

The maiden would urge no more, and the guest was again left to herself.

The great clock in the hall struck ten, and the beldam was abed; for one of the servants looked into her room at that time, and found her apparently asleep. The clock struck eleven; and all was quiet in the house. At midnight everything seemed rapt in slumber. The moon had gone down, and half the stars were obscured by flitting clouds. An hour after, when the old clock struck one, there was a movement in the chamber of the wayfarer. The guest had arisen, and was lighting a small, flat lamp, which, when lighted, was placed within a lantern. And this guest seemed the decrepit old woman no longer. The soiled and tattered gown was still on; but the form was more erect and nervous; and the voice, muttering to itself, was hoarser and more masculine. In short, as may have already been imagined, the seeming woman was grown to be marvellously like Samus McDowd, only the beard was gone. But, as he was to have good pay for that beard, he missed it not.

Aye—Samus was upon his mission; and he fancied that success was sure. After he had prepared his lantern, which was so contrived that he could darken it in an instant, he drew forth a large knife, the edge of which he tested with his thumb.

"If my hand and eye do not fail me," he muttered, "I shall make quick work of it. Two throats can be cut very easily; and their owners shall not cry at all with pain. If Murdock is in such a hurry that he must have them die at once, why—they must die thus. There'll be blood—plenty of it,—but it cannot be traced to me. They may trace it to him if they can. When they find the old woman gone in the morning, they will surely think that she did the awful deed; and then they'll hunt for her. But—they'll not find her—not a bit of it—oh, no." And the wretch chuckled, as though he rather liked the work he was about to do.

When Samus had put up his knife, he darkened his lantern, and then cautiously opened his door, and glided forth into the corridor. All was still and quiet as he listened—not a sound save his own breathing—and he slid back the hood from his lantern, just enough to cast a gleam upon the way before him, and then he crept on. He knew the course, for he had been over it in the daytime, and he knew where the victims lay, for he had spotted them when he rambled over the premises on his tour of inspection. Stealthily he moved along, like a ghost in the dark, with only that spectral ray of light ahead, until he had reached the door he sought. It was locked, as he had expected, so he was not disappointed. With an implement fashioned for that purpose he reached the key of the clumsy lock, and forced it around until the bolt was shot back. There was a slight noise attending the operation, and he waited awhile to listen. But he heard no sound, and ere long he gently raised the latch, and pushed the door open. Again he listened, with his lantern wholly closed, and finally glided into the room. He could see the bed—a large one, with high posts and heavy curtains, for there was a window at its foot through which the eastern stars were peeping with their dim, dying light.

Hark! How deeply and steadily they breathe, and how soundly they must be sleeping!

At that moment, in all that house, only one human being was awake, and he, with noiseless tread, crept onward to his work.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

◆

MASSANIELLO.

BY DR. J. COMPTON SMITH.

Vesuvius never looked down on a calmer scene than was presented on the morning of the seventh of July, 1647. The city of Naples, with its beautiful, island-gemmed bay, lay at his feet, quiet as a sleeping infant. Not a cloud was reflected in the waveless mirror of the sea, and even the old mountain reposed in the beams of the rising sun without the sulphury vapors that usually crowned his hoary head. All was quiet and serene as that summer Sabbath morning, and no other sounds broke upon the air than the musical chime of bells calling the pious to early prayers.

Yet this quiet, this peaceful calm was deceitful. A storm more terrible than the awful paroxysm of the treacherous volcano was about to burst upon the city. It was the fearful eruption of human passions, the hurricane of popular frenzy, when a people long oppressed and trodden down by their rulers, become suddenly conscious of their might.

For two hundred years Naples had been a faithful, uncomplaining vassal of Austria, and then of Spain, and cheerfully had her people paid tribute to her rulers, each change of masters proving more exacting in their demands. But at length their exactions became even more than the heretofore quiet and submissive Neapolitans could endure. The last feather that broke the camel's back was the *gabella*, or tax upon fruit, which the Spanish viceroy demanded. This bore immediately upon the common people, and was so exorbitant as virtually to amount to a prohibition of this indispensable staple, which constituted a great portion of the sustenance of the poor. All that was now wanted was a competent leader of the people, and a young fisherman, of great natural abilities, called Massaniello, soon assumed that important position.

The people, as if animated by one impulse, hailed him as their deliverer, and "Long live Massaniello! Long live the savior of Naples!" were heard all over the city on Monday, mingled with shouts of "Down with the *gabella*, and perish all enemies of Naples!"

Forthwith Massaniello was proclaimed leader of the revolt, and with extraordinary zeal he immediately proceeded to organize armed bands of the people, and before the light of Tuesday morning broke over the city, many thousands, under their captains, were ready to obey his behest. He now united with him as his lieutenants, a bandit named Perone and a priest named Julio Genovino. These men were Massaniello's principal advisers, and at their dictation he commanded the populace to destroy the dwellings of all those officers and ministers who had enriched themselves out of the *gabella*. It was now that fiery colums streamed upwards from every quarter of Naples, while the populace, rendered more furious by an attempt of the troops to disperse them, became terrible in their excitement, and for that day a scene of pillage and destruction was enacted, which that devoted city had never before witnessed.

The Viceroy and all others connected with the government were forced to make their escape, and the entire city, with all its treasures, its palaces and fortresses, its works of art, its churches and convents, were all left to the tender mercies of the infuriated rabble.

At length the Viceroy, from his retreat, sent commissioners to Massaniello, offering not only to remove the obnoxious *gabella*, but all other taxes of every kind, and to grant everything they could desire. But for a while these concessions were not listened to, for the rabble had not yet sufficiently revenged themselves upon the enemies of the public good. But finally, after the destruction of the fairest portions of Naples, and the murder of one-third of her nobles and wealthier citizens, the populace, through their leader, expressed a willingness to negociate terms. For this purpose they commissioned the Lord Bishop to treat with the Viceroy, from whom the following covenant was obtained:

> "Philip, by the Grace of God, King, &c.—Don Rodericо Ponce de Leon, Duke of Arcos:—We, by an everlasting privilege, do grant to the most faithful people of this most faithful city of Naples, that all *gabellas* and impositions be extinct and abolished which were laid upon the city of Naples, and the kingdom, from the time of the Emperor Charles V., of happy memory, until this hour. Moreover, we grant a general pardon for any offence whatsoever committed, from the beginning of this present revolution to this point of time, as also, for every offence and inquision past, that related to the said revolution."

These concessions being granted, and weary of their work of destruction, the Neapolitans were now disposed to return to their peaceful avocations, and let the government return to its suspended functions. But as the assembled populace were on their way to the church *della Carmen* to sing a *Te Deum* for their deliverance, it was discovered that the treacherous Viceroy had formed a plot to massacre them, by employing a large body of banditti from the mountains to fall upon them as they were returning from the church to their homes. These bandits, under a brother of Perone, and numbering five hundred well armed and mounted men, would have fallen upon the defenceless people, had it not been for the bravery and presence of mind of Massaniello, who, suspecting that treachery was intended, interposed to prevent much bloodshed.

Again aroused to frenzy by this base and cowardly act, the populace became wild with excitement. Blood began to flow once more; and of that band of hired assassins, scarcely one ever returned to their mountain haunts.

The cry now became—"Away with the vile government! Massaniello shall be our ruler! Long live Massaniello our savior!"

Thursday, the 11th day of July, and the fifth after the commencement of this extraordinary revolution, saw the city of Naples, "with a population of six hundred thousand souls, commanded by a poor fisherman, who within a few hours had raised an army of one hundred and fifty thousand, dug trenches, appointed sentinels, placed spies, reviewed squadrons, condemned the guilty, comforted the fearful, encouraged the bold, threatened the suspected, reproached the cowardly, applauded the valiant, promised rewards, and marvellously incited those, who were by many degrees his superiors, to battle, to burnings, to plunder, and to death."

Being now proclaimed provisional governor, the first act of Massaniello was to disarm the cavaliers and all nobles, and others opposed to the new state of affairs, and to establish the price of all eatables brought into the great market-place for the use of the people. These matters being arranged, he determined to resign the office imposed upon him, and after handing over the city to the proper authorities, to return once more to the humble calling of a fisherman.

With this intention, he proceeded on horseback towards the castle where the Viceroy awaited him. On the way, the people to the number of many thousands, thronged the streets and begged him to remain their ruler; but he declined.

After he had entered the castle, and the great drawbridge had been raised, the people, who crowded the space, fearing some treachery was intended against him, became once more tumultuous; and the Viceroy deemed it expedient that he should show himself in an open balcony, with his friend the archbishop. This he did, and bowing to the people, cried:

"Lo, I am here, alive and free—peace, peace," and then turning to the Viceroy, he said—"My lord, you shall see how obedient a people the Neapolitans are," and placing his finger upon his mouth, a silence pervaded the crowd, so subdued, that not even a whisper was heard. Massaniello then raising his voice so that it could be heard at a great distance, commanded that every soul should leave the place and retire to his home. In a few moments not a single person was left standing within sound of his voice—to the utter astonishment of the Viceroy and the officers with him, who in their own hearts feared the man, who in so brief a space of time, had established so strong a hold over the affections of the populace.

For a few days after this interview with the Viceroy, the fisherman ruled with as absolute dominion as if he had been born a monarch, and both in civil and warlike matters he claimed to be sole master.

Crazed by the sudden elevation to which he found himself raised, he soon forgot all intentions of returning to his humble position, and from being a true friend of the people, became one of the most overbearing and heartless tyrants of whom we have record. His whole employment was to invent new cruelties and oppressions for his people, and he continually issued the most absurd and contradictory orders, condemning this one and that to death, as if for mere amusement and recreation.

But a week had passed from that calm Sunday, when he was introduced to the reader, when the people of Naples were glad once more to acknowledge the sway of their former rulers; and poor mad Massaniello, who, as a writer of his time asserts, "possessed no other qualifications than such as were necessary to make him an instrument of the divine vengeance upon the oppressors of the people," shorn of all his suddenly acquired honors, was carried to the scaffold, from whence his body was thrown to the dogs.

But no sooner was it known how his remains had been dishonored, than the Neapolitans—for whom he had done so much—resolved in general assembly that, "Massaniello deserved to receive the greatest honors, as head and captain general of Naples;" and accordingly his corpse, recovered from the kennel and washed, preceded by 40,000 armed men, and as many women bearing beads in their hands, was carried through the most public streets, and past the residence of the Viceroy, with all the ceremonials and solemnities that are observed at the funeral of a great commander. Such was the rise and fall of Massaniello, who, to use a common but expressive quotation, "went up like a rocket, but fell like its stick."

◆

HOW TO SELECT.

The young men have received a great deal of excellent counsel, lately, about choosing wives, but nobody has told the girls anything about choosing their husbands. We are of opinion that this *hiatus* ought to be filled, and have been gathering information accordingly.

Don't get married in a hurry, girls! Take time, and think it over. It is a thing easy to do, and hard to undo. Get acquainted with the gentleman's sister, and see what *she* says. Ask the old maid who lives across the way, if you want to learn whether he stays out late of nights, and has the headache in the morning. You can't tell anything about a young man, from a mere polka and bouquet acquaintance, and a few morning-calls. Measure him—sound him—and if he comes up to the terms we subjoin, you may safely risk your neck under the matrimonial yoke. If he fails in any of the more material requisitions, marry him at your peril!

Does he keep a "second-best coat" hanging up in the closet at home, and is he always willing to put it on when he comes home from business?

Will he carry his grandmother's market-basket home for her, and wait, uncomplainingly, at the shop-door, while she inquires the price of shoe-strings and darning-needles?

Is he always ready to bring in kindlings and water for his mother, and to carry bandboxes and oleander-tubs for his sisters?"

Can he kindle a coal fire, and regulate a solar lamp, without once saying "confound it?"

Does he go home cheerfully with all the old ladies who drop in to take a cup of tea with his mother, and contrive to remain until it is too late to venture without an escort into the street?

Is he always willing, at parties, to beau the elderly girls, and dance with the plain-looking girls, and to carry ice-cream to the girls whom everybody else forgets?

Does he remember not to slam the door when his maiden aunt, with the delicate nerves, is present?

Does he fold the newspaper when he gets through reading it, and is he careful to wipe his shoes on the mat, before he comes in, on a muddy day?

Is he reasonably fond of cats and babies, and will he stop in the street to pick up crying three-year-olds, and wipe the dust out of their countenances?

Does he never grumble when his shirt-bosoms are "a little mildewed," and the servant-girl has omitted the starch in his neck-cloth?

Can he button his sisters' gaiter-boots, and hook-and-eye their dresses, and put on their shawls, and clasp their gloves?

If he toes the mark in these matters, he may be regarded as a model young man, and you can depend on his making a capital husband. Try it and see! MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

A YEAR APART

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

The tremulous sound of the rabbit's tread,
The pheasant's shrilly whistle,
The musical trill of the yellow-bird
A-swing on the nodding thistle;
The breezy stir of the red-wood boughs
Above the clear spring olden
The sweet may-thorns that drop their bloom
Star like, on the waters golden—
All bring the summers back again,
When our beautiful household blossoms
Were laid asleep, with the whispering grass
And the daisies on their bosoms.

Oh, never again the golden light
Of the July sunshine, falling,
Rain-like, thro' the twinkling woodland leaves,
While the merry winds are calling,
Will awaken out of their lonely rest
The kirk-yard's quiet sleepers,
With blue eyes lost to the rising morns,
Under the willow weepers.
'Twas such a day as this she died!
The river vapors golden
Thro' the dim air went out like dreams,
Mystical, angel-holden—

And Lilian said—"A crimson cloud
Is passing o'er our dwelling
From the red East, to the sound of harps
On far-off rivers swelling!"
We knew the darling had to die,
And yet our hearts beat quiet—
We even heard among the flowers
The sweet bees' clamorous riot;
The little birds on sunlit wings
Dropped down among the vine-leaves,
And peered with round, black, curious eyes,
As if to read our heart-griefs.

The wild brook down the meadow-land
Went on its silver straying,
But the children on the south hill-side
Had hushed their noisy playing,
And came and stood around the bed
Of our dear, dying Lily,
To hear the solemn words she said
About the "shadowy valley."
They were too small to understand
Much of the wondrous story,
How shining, white-robed Angels come
From the far lands of glory,

And take the tired children home,
Thro' the star-gates of Heaven
Our Lily said her soul had seen
Where the white clouds were riven!
A splendor like a rising moon
Within the room was shining,
It touched with mystic light her face
And soft hair's silken twining;
Blue eyes uplifted, full of faith,
Frail hands together lying,
So soft the waves of life and death
Met in our darling's dying!

Wee babie Grace, the household pet,
The brownest, merriest rover,
Slipped with the sunshine thro' the door,
Her small hands full of clover
And daisies gathered on the wold
For ' poor, sick sister Lily.
She came, she said, to plant with flowers
The shadows of *that valley!* * * *
Ah! well, we made the narrow grave,
And smoothed the green turf over,
And soon the lonely little bed
Was gay with crimson clover. * * *

When summer came again, with flowers
Knit in her tresses amber,
We wept above a dying bed
In little Grace's chamber!
A cloud the sun might never gild
Went over our desolate dwelling,
And none could hear, if there *were* harps,
For death's black billows swelling—
We thought about two little graves,
The dim grass rankly springing,
We only heard death's noisy waves,
And not the Angels singing!
Darkly the shadows went sweeping down
Where the clover croft was lying—
Wofully, wofully fell the night
On babie Grace's dying—
We made hers by the older grave
One year had sown with blossoms;
No more the small hands will uplift
From their untroubled bosoms.

THE SHOEMAKER OF SEVILLE.

A STORY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

CHAPTER I.

In a wretched hovel in the city of Seville, were seated a woman, whose wrinkles seemed rather the legacy of misfortune than of years, and a youth, but just emerging from boyhood, both busy at work upon a pair of shoes. The scanty furniture and ruined state of the habitation, devoid of aught in the shape of ornament, except a cross carved in black wood, and none the better for age, were tangible proofs of the utter destitution of the inmates.

"Gil," said the woman.

"What is it, mother?" replied the youth.

The former wiped her eyes, suffused with tears, and proceeded in a melancholy tone:

"'Tis a sad anniversary this! To-day three years ago, our home was not so poor, nor our bread so sour; I was not a widow, nor wert thou an orphan. Alas! to-day Antonio Peres sleeps in the cemetery of the poor, beside the despised Moor and the Jew; we were even deprived the consolation of giving him a decent burial."

"And thus," said the orphan, in a voice of stifled rage, "and thus are my father's ashes dishonored, and we living in want, whilst——"

"Whilst his murderer liveth in the fulness of plenty and of prosperity," added the mother, breaking in upon her son's speech. "He is a canon of the Cathedral, and the pious people of Seville flock to hear his sermons; he enjoys the King's favor, and the nobles kneel to him—all pay their respects to the assassin, because he took away the life neither of a noble, nor a priest—he killed a poor artisan, a no-body—thy father!"

Gil sprang up, and seizing an old rusty dagger which lay near him, he went and sat down by his mother, saying:

"Mother, do let me hear all the particulars of that tragical event."

"And what good will it do? Grief is no consolation; tears cannot satisfy vengeance."

"True; but 'tis well to let wounds bleed, and hate fret itself!" replied the youth, with a grim smile.

The mother perceived the meaning, and seizing one of his hands, gave it a tender pressure.

"Three years ago," said she, "abundance reigned in the home of Peres, the shoemaker: we were not rich; but cravings of want and the heart-burnings of poverty were unknown to us. Thy father, skilled in his craft, worked night and day, in order to increase his earnings; and we enjoyed that simple, unaspiring state of happiness, which is neither the fruit of idleness, nor of baseness. Meanwhile, Don Pedro came to the throne, ushered in by crimes of the deepest dye. In Seville, there were two enraged factions tearing each other to pieces in the streets and the public squares; but obscurity was our shield, and we were left unmolested. There was not a family more united, or more happy than that of the shoemaker, Peres."

The widow's countenance had become animated, as she dwelt upon the pleasing recollections; but now it relapsed into its wonted expression of melancholy, and, resting her head upon the shoulder of her son, she continued:

"That period of happiness proved to be but of short duration. The Canon Don Henriquez accompanied the King, Don Pedro, to Seville; he was cemented by blood with the Albuquerques; he was a favorite of the King's; he was the assassin of Jaques de Calatrava, and born of an illustrious family; he could therefore act with impunity. Don Henriquez led a dissipated life; but this passed unnoticed, because he had sufficient power to keep gossip within bounds, and wealth wherewith to purchase the good graces of justice: he had, however, the misfortune of being lame, and this afflicted him beyond measure. He heard of thy father as being very skillful in his trade, and, thinking that Antonio Peres might succeed in concealing his deformity, he sent for him. Thy father did his best to please the Canon; but all in vain, the latter would not be pleased, and such was his rage on one occasion, that he flung the shoes at thy father's face, saying that for his want of aptitude, he deserved to be sent to the gallows. Although Peres was but a shoemaker, yet possessing as much self-respect as those of higher station, he ventured to say in reply, that nature had given a bad shape to his reverence's foot. Stung to the quick, and giving a loose rein to his fury, Don Henriquez seized a staff which stood by, and struck thy father such a violent blow on the head, that he fell never more to rise. The consequences of this murder did not, however, cause him much disquietude, as he relied upon his influence and opulence."

The son of Peres gnashed his teeth and the muscles of his face moved convulsively. Sobs and tears choked the utterance of his mother; but after a slight pause she proceeded with her narrative:

"How can I express the emotions that oppressed my bosom when thy father's corpse was brought home? I had no sooner learnt the name of his murderer, than, frantic with despair, I laid hold of a dagger—this very one"—and she laid her hand on the weapon covered with rust, which her son was sharpening, while he listened to the story—"my design was to revenge the death of my husband; but I remembered that I was a mother, and thought there was a court, where justice would be done, and an executioner to carry its sentence into effect. I presented myself to the Chapter, threw myself on my knees, and with tears in my eyes, laid my pitiable case before the Canons: and the lord knows what humble entreaties I addressed to the judges, with what vehemence I endeavored to move them to pity. The judges listened attentively, promised me the most ample satisfaction, and a week later Don Henriquez was condemned——"

"To be quartered alive?" said the youth, interrupting his mother.

"To be deprived from assisting in the choir with the other members of the chapter during a whole year," continued the widow

CHAPTER II.

It was Corpus Christi day; the people of Seville were collected in dense crowds in the vicinity of the cathedral, in order to view the procession. The churches were adorned with all the grandeur of catholic pomp; the streets were strewed with flowers; in a word, the city, which was so often deluged in blood by the broils of the nobles and the savage despotism of the king, had assumed an unusual appearance of gaiety and festivity. In the midst of the general stir and bustle, there was one, seated on the steps of the alcazar, who seemed to take no interest in the tumultuous joy of the crowd. He was still young, but his austere and wrinkled face showed the ravages brought on by harrowing thoughts and premature sorrow. On beholding the dishevelled state of his hair, the melancholy glance of his eye, the convulsive vivacity of his gestures and the anomalous combination of feebleness and energy, of wildness and despondency, which discomposed his features, it was easy to guess that his heart was lacerated by the vehemency of his passions, and that the bloom of his youth had been withered by misfortunes of no ordinary nature. He remained for several hours buried in thought, his head leaning back against one of the columns of the alcazar.

The glimmer of twilight had gradually increased, and the minarets and steeples, which stood in various directions near the alcazar, were now shrouded in darkness. The young man woke from his lethargy, arose, and, casting around him a searching look, murmured to himself: "Am I again doomed to disappointment?"

He had barely pronounced the words, when he perceived a priest advancing at a slow pace in the direction of the cathedral. The young man rushed upon him, like the tiger upon its prey, and while seizing him by the hands and shaking him violently, cried out: "Dost thou know me, Don Henriquez?"

"No," answered the priest, starting back and endeavoring to free himself from the iron grasp of his assailant.

"I am a poor orphan, a workman, one of the people, who can be beaten, trodden upon, insulted, and even killed with impunity. I am the son of Antonio Peres!"

The Canon turned pale and trembled.

"Dost thou not know me?" continued Gil. "Overloaded with crimes and with wealth, thou hast forsooth been neglectful of thy memory! Condemned to put off the cassock for a year, in expiation of the blood shed by thy hands, thou hast not given evidence of the slightest remorse; nay, thou didst seek consolation for this ridiculous sentence, in bacchanalian revels. But if God hath delayed chastisement—if the judges, bribed by thy gold, allowed my father's assassin to go unpunished—Providence had an avenger in store. Didst thou not remember, Don Henriquez, that thy victim had a son—that this son might grow to manhood—and that hatred would increase with his years? Didst thou forget that the unhappy man left vengeance as my sole inheritance, or didst thou believe that the son of the shoemaker would refuse the inheritance?"

"Villain!" exclaimed Don Henriquez, in a faltering tone.

"Assassin!" was the retort. "Long, long have I been wishing to have thee alone in my presence, that I might tell thee thou wert the murderer of my father, thou wert the cause that my mother died worn down by grief and affliction; thou hast poisoned my existence, and blasted in me the freshness of youth! For three years this has been my nourishment: 'tis hate that has sustained me in my resolution, while subject to extreme poverty; 'tis hate that has kept me from despair! More than twenty times has this dagger been aimed at thy heart; but as often has chance protected thee, and delayed my revenge. But now," continued he, with a sinister smile, "but now neither soldiers nor precautions can save thee! thy calls will not be heard! darkness will conceal thy blood from view, nor could a more appropriate moment be selected for the expiation of thy crime: on this very day, six years back, did my father fall at thy hands!"

The priest had hoped that his clerical office would be a safeguard against violence; but when he heard the youth's virulent expressions—when he saw the glistening of his eyes and his colorless lips—unmistakeable symptoms of merciless wrath—he became aware that hope lay not that way, and that he must have recourse to humility and entreaty, in order to save his life.

"Involuntary homicide is no crime," said he. "It is true, I killed thy father; but God knows that I sought not his death. There is no error but that it may be atoned for, no crime which remorse may not purge us of. Young man, say what thou wouldst have—what can I do for thee? Speak! To whatever hight thy ambition may aspire, I can satisfy it. I will redeem thee from thy present state of penury; thou shalt rise to prosperity, I will make thee powerful, respected——"

"And happy, peradventure?"

"Perhaps," answered Don Henriquez.

"But will thy gifts restore my father to life?"

"If they cannot bring him back, they will at least enable thee to raise a monument to his memory, and to have masses said for the repose of his soul."

"And darest thou hope that such offers as these will move me to pardon my father's murderer?"

"Our Lord pardoned those who put him to death. Forget the crime, and accept the repentance: if prayers have touched thy heart with pity, tears——"

"Never!" exclaimed Gil; "tears shall not wipe out thy crime! My father's blood shall be no object of barter! Thy money succeeded in corrupting justice; Heaven has spared thee for a while; but I will prove less venal than the ministers of the law, for I am the instrument of divine justice!"

While speaking these last words, Gil dashed his victim to the ground, and despite the struggles of the latter, sheathed the poniard in his breast; then, whilst he wiped the blood from the weapon with the folds of his cloak, he gazed unmoved upon the lifeless body.

"Thou hast paid the debt," said he: "I am satisfied."

CHAPTER III.

No name in the annals of Spain can be compared with that of Don Pedro of Castile in the enormity of his crimes. The poisoning of his wife, Donna Brama, and of his brother Frederic; the murder of Albuquerque, of the Jew Levi, of Mohammed, King of Granada, and of many others; the butcheries of Toledo; the taxes under which he made the people groan, the confiscations he devised; the torments he invented, and the licentiousness of his conduct, have all helped to give to the name of this prince a fearful celebrity. Yet, notwithstanding the monstrous crimes with which he tainted the throne, Don Pedro of Castile evinced, on a great many occasions, a certain regard for justice; and, although it never proved a barrier to his own passions, he seldom allowed others to follow his example. The Spaniards call him indifferently, Pedro the *cruel*, or Pedro the *just*.

Immediately after the murder of Don Henriquez, Gil, the son of the shoemaker, delivered himself up to the authorities of his own accord, confessing the deed he had committed; and being brought to trial, was condemned. The case, however, came to the ears of the King, then at Seville, who gave orders that the matter should be left in his hands, and the culprit brought before him.

"Thou art accused of having assassinated the Canon Don Henriquez," said the King.

"And most surely I did slay him," replied Gil.

"For what cause?"

"To avenge Antonio Peres, who was cowardly murdered by the Canon."

"And why did'st thou not apply to the judicial authorities?"

"Because at Seville the scales of justice are not equally balanced. Unable to obtain a judgment against my father's murderer, I took upon myself the duty of judge and executioner."

"But wert thou not aware of the penalty that awaited thee?"

"Most assuredly I was; the disparity between my condition and that of Henriquez was alone sufficient to dispel all doubts as to the consequences."

The King turned round to the *Corregidor*, and asked him:

"What sentence was passed upon the assassin of the shoemaker Peres?"

"He was deprived of the privilege of sitting in the choir during a whole year."

"And to what has the murderer of the Canon Don Henriquez been condemned?"

"To be quartered alive."

"*Por Diós y la Virgin Santa!*" exclaimed Don Pedro; "Justice should eschew all distinctions of rank, nor admit any claim for privileges. We annul the sentence passed by the court, and are pleased to condemn the son of the shoemaker to the penalty of not making shoes during a whole year."

ON THE ICE.

A PERILOUS PASSAGE

My sister Marie and I had been passing some days, visiting friends, in Montreal. We had driven in from our home in the northern part of the State of New York, a distance of forty or fifty miles. Our vehicle was a light one-horse sleigh, or cutter. We had come to Montreal on Monday, and we were expected at home on Saturday. Friday morning I mentioned this to Marie, and we decided that we would cross the river, a distance of nine miles, on the ice, to La Prairie that afternoon, so that we might be able to reach home in good season the following day.

On communicating this plan to our friends, they one and all attempted, by argument and entreaty, to persuade us to remain yet longer, and warned us against the danger of crossing the river then, as the weather had been warm for several days, with a steady thaw which affected the strength of the ice very greatly.

"Besides, cousin," said my cousin Mattie, "there are *other* dangers. Sometimes a snow-squall comes up suddenly, and people lose their way upon the river, and are never found, or freeze to death before succor comes.."

"But it will not snow to-day," said I.

"Don't feel too sure of that. There is a hazy look in the sky, and a chill in the air, that is prophetic of snow. There will be a fall within twenty-four hours, I am sure. Not more than a month ago Dr. Lawson lost a valuable horse, and came near losing his own life, when caught in a snow-storm upon the river. He was called, in great haste, to La Prairie, to perform an important surgical operation. He was detained until late in the afternoon, and then, though a storm was threatening, he sat out for home, some members of his family being so ill as to make him unwilling to leave them all night.

"He had not gone far before the snow commenced falling. The sun set, and darkness gathered quickly over the scene. The track was invisible, the air was filled with snow, and the lights upon either shore, plainly visible in a clear night, were completely hidden from him.

"He soon found that his horse had lost the road, by the unevenness of the surface over which he was passing. But he had scarcely time to realize his danger ere, with a terrific crash, the ice parted beneath the feet of the horse, and the noble animal sank into the rushing waters beneath.

"On the brink of the awful chasm stood the sleigh, and every moment the struggles of the horse brought it nearer. In vain the doctor strove to rescue the horse, and, after all his efforts, was obliged to cut the traces, and abandon him to his fate. He sank, and borne swiftly away by the current, was seen no more.

"In the darkness and the blinding storm, alone upon the brink of the yawning chasm, and utterly unable to retrace his steps to the road, with the blast, laden with a polar chill, whistling around him, the doctor's situation was neither safe nor enviable. To find the shore was impossible, and to remain where he was seemed certain death, until an expedient struck him. Putting forth all his strength, he drew back the sleigh to the solid ice, then turning it entirely over, and wrapping himself in the blankets and robes which it contained, he crawled beneath it, and lay down completely sheltered from the storm. There he slept securely, at last, and when the morning broke, clear and bright, he emerged to find himself but a few rods from the road, and not more than a mile from the southern shore of the river. At his feet yawned the chasm with the turbulent waters roaring beneath. The air was intensely cold, and had he been without the means of shelter, he must, after having escaped the waves, have perished by its deadly chill. He had safely passed a night of fearful peril. Dear cousins, be warned in season. Do not brave the danger, but remain with us until some favorable change take place."

"Dear Mattie," I answered, "we shall not encounter Dr. Lawson's experience. I feel confident the danger is exaggerated, and though I leave Marie to decide for herself, *I* shall certainly depart as soon as I have dined, unless, by that time, the ice has really commenced to break up. What say you, Marie, will you go or stay?"

Marie's answer was prompt and decided. She would not consent to remain behind, and our friends, seeing that our determination was fixed, ceased to importune us, though it was evident that they were very unwilling to allow us to go.

The air was clear and bright, but still with a creeping chill in it, as we set out at two o'clock in the afternoon upon our journey. I confess that it was not without some misgivings that I drove down the bank, and looked out upon the broad sheet of ice stretching for miles before us. La Prairie is not precisely opposite to Montreal, and the distance between the two points is much greater than the width of the river. Two rows of branches of trees, planted in the ice, marked out our road. We had but to keep to it, and, if the ice were sound, a little more than an hour would be required to bring us to La Prairie.

Black Tom, our spirited horse, tossed his handsome head as we struck the ice, and set off upon a brisk trot. But I was obliged to restrain him, for I knew there might be thin places in the road that must be passed with extreme caution. But we drove on and on in perfect safety. The even gliding motion, the stillness, the white, level monotony of the scene, were all calculated to lull and soothe our fears. The roses bloomed again in Marie's cheeks, and my tongue was loosed.

How much we had to talk about, relating to our pleasant visit! How merry we grew! How entirely our fears were forgotten!

Sleighs passed us coming from the direction of La Prairie, some of them heavily loaded. If they had passed safely, there surely could be no danger for us. So, indeed, we had assured ourselves, ere the first hour was passed.

Black Tom pranced gaily on, tossing his head, and ringing out gleeful melody from his bells. Suddenly he stopped, a shudder ran through his frame that jingled the bells into a wild burst of music. He struggled for an instant on the verge of a cleft that had suddenly opened in the ice. The brittle edge yielded beneath his hoofs, and, with a wild cry that was almost human, he sank into the waters that roared beneath.

As he fell we leaped from the sleigh, which was whirled to the brink of the cleft. Black Tom planted his feet upon the edge, and tried to lift himself, while I aided him all in my power from the water. But again and again the treacherous ice crumbled away, and he fell back, only to renew his efforts.

Marie hastily unbuckled the traces, and freed him from the sleigh, and then came to my assistance. No team, no human being was now in sight; the short winter day was drawing to a close, and we were far from land. Our situation, if not absolutely dangerous, was not free from difficulty.

I resolved at last, finding all our efforts vain, to seek assistance from the shore. But how to leave Marie, how to prevent the noble brute from being carried away by the current. I stated my difficulty to my sister.

"Do not hesitate to leave me," the dear girl said; "I think I can keep Black Tom's head above water until you return. I can try, at least, and we must not abandon the noble fellow to his fate without doing all in our power to save him."

There seemed no alternative, and bidding Marie spread a buffalo robe upon the ice, to stand upon, and wrap herself as warmly as possible, I saw her place herself as near the brink of that dreadful chasm as was prudent; and then, giving the bridle into her hands, I set off, not without many misgivings, in search of help.

Running with my utmost speed, many minutes elapsed before I reached the shore. More precious minutes were lost ere I could persuade some men, whom I found lounging in a tavern by the water side, to accompany me with ropes and another horse. More still were consumed in our return, and long ere we reached the spot where I had left Marie, night had fallen, and only a few stars, out of a cloudy sky, dimly lighted the scene.

Trembling with apprehension, I rushed on, far outstripping my companions. But it was not until I had approached within a few feet of her that I saw the slender figure of my sister defined against the white back ground of the snowy river surface, which, in that ghostly light, seemed to rise behind her. She had not moved from her place since I left her.

There she stood, the bridle in her hand, looking wistfully toward the point whence I was expected. She was quite alone, not even the noble beast, she had braved so much peril to rescue, for companion. Black Tom had struggled bravely with his fate. But his strength was exhausted by fatigue and the terrible chill of the icy waters. Groaning and moaning like a human creature in his extremity, and looking up with great pitiful eyes till the last into the lovely face, he so well knew, of his young mistress, he had yielded the last vital breath, and sank back into the whelming waves that had rapidly carried him from Marie's sight.

Poor girl, she was so chilled and benumbed that I was forced to lift her into the sleigh, to which the horse we had brought was speedily attached, and we set off again in the direction of La Prairie.

Ere we reached it the snow began to sift gently down. I shuddered as I thought what might have been our fate, had the storm overtaken us upon the ice when separated. But we were safe now, and too grateful for safety to reflect painfully on dangers we had not incurred.

When morning broke the snow lay deep over all the scene, and still falling and whirling in the wind, presented a spectacle that reconciled us to our enforced imprisonment in the comfortable hotel. For three days we were obliged to remain there, and on the Tuesday following we reached our home, to gladden the hearts of the dear friends there, who had almost yielded to their fears, and believed us lost. Much as we loved Black Tom, there was no mourning for his loss in our home when reflecting on that far greater loss that might well have resulted from the perils from which we had escaped.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER
BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

NATURE has appointed certain insects, birds, and beasts to be destroyers. They consume decaying matters; they roll up and feast on filth. To their palate life is unseasoned and insipid, but death has flavor. Such also are minor critics in literature, cynics in morals, and heresy-hunters in religion.

GREATNESS lies not in being strong, but in the right use of strength; and strength is not used rightly when it only serves to carry a man above his fellows for his own solitary glory. He is greatest whose strength carries up the most hearts by the attraction of his own.

OUR humiliations work out our most elevated joys. The way that a drop of rain comes to sing in the leaf that rustles in the top of the tree all summer long, is by going down to the roots first, and from thence ascending to the bough.

No two human beings were ever exactly alike either in body or mind. In other words, Nature has been engaged in making men six thousand years without ever making one that she thought it worth while to repeat.

MIDAS, who had the ears of an ass, turned to gold whatever he touched. Many other persons, who have more of an ass than the ears, seem to make money with almost equal facility.

THE saddest parting in the world is with one's last shilling. And the poor fellow's misery is not usually alleviated by the sympathy of the man to whom he pays it.

WORDS are the dress of thought. Some ladies had better put a little less dress upon their thoughts and more upon their persons.

IT is very easy to love the beautiful and the gentle; his is by far the greater achievement who loves the homely and the ill-tempered.

IT is one of the worst effects of prosperity to make a man a vortex instead of a fountain; so that, instead of throwing out, he learns only to draw in.

THE best sometimes err, yet still remain the best; while the worst do well at times, yet still remain the worst.

THE grave is indeed hallowed, when the grass of the churchyard can cover all memories save that of love.

WE fear 'tis generally true that the lives of poets and poetesses, married to each other, don't rhyme very well together.

IF you have gone half crazy at not having won your sweetheart as a wife, remember that you might have gone t'other half if you had succeeded.

THOSE we call odd people are often merely such as freely disclose what the rest of us carefully conceal.

THE handsomest compliment you can pay to a woman of sense is to address her as such.

THE rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.

THE whole race of mankind live upon each other. In an important sense we are all cannibals.

THE hand may be clogged by excessive means as well as rendered powerless by the want of them.

A BEAUTIFUL woman should never ride in a wagon. It is not pleasant to see beauty on the *wain*.

HE who enters upon a career of crime must probably come to either a halt or a halter.

THE rib out of which our first mother was made has proved a terrible bone of contention.

IF you are such a coward as to be afraid of everything you see, make all your leaps in the dark.

HEADS should not be turned with love when the hair upon them has been turned with age.

AN apple is generally preferred when mellow. A man isn't.

A GLASS of brandy and water is at any rate not an unmixed evil.

GOD hears no more than the heart speaks; and, if the heart be dumb, Heaven will certainly be deaf.

HE has not a little of the devil in him who prays to God and bites his neighbor.

PASSION, though a bad regulator, is a powerful main-spring.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A NUMBER of boys ventured to go in swimming in a pond in the western part of this State one warm, sunny day recently, and one of them, while swimming in water beyond his depth, was paralyzed with cold and sank below the surface. His screams and struggles alarmed his companions, who rescued him with much difficulty. Boys should be cautious how they go in bathing or swimming before the last of June.

A BURGLAR in Brooklyn, who attempted to force his way into a house through a back window, the lower sash of which he had raised, slipped from his foothold, and the sash coming down, caught him by the neck, and he had to roar for help to avoid strangulation. The alarmed family called a policeman, who released the rascal from the trap he had fallen into, and marched him off to the Station-House.

A BOY thirteen years of age, named Stephen Maloy, living in Morrisville, Wis., while lying asleep one day not long since, was discovered by a number of playmates, who, thinking to have a little fun with him, held a lighted match under his nose, and the fumes of the sulphur breathed into his nostrils affected him so seriously that he died the next day.

AN elderly lady living in Ohio, some time since brought a suit against her lover, who had courted her for twenty years, and then proved to be "a false and fickle man," for breach of promise of marriage. The case came to trial recently, and the jury awarded her four thousand dollars, which is two hundred dollars a year for the period of the courtship.

THREE wild cats have been killed in Greene county, Ky., within a recent period, two of which were caught in steel traps, and the third shot, after it had carried a dog that was set upon it over three hundred yards in its mouth. They were ferocious creatures, and would have made short work of any stray child that should have come within their reach.

A COUPLE of ruffians, who were throwing dice in a den in Cherry street, one night a short time since, got into a dispute which soon grew to a first-class quarrel, and drawing their knives, they pitched into each other, and before they could be separated, each had received several severe wounds.

THREE young rowdies attacked a lady in the street in Albany one evening recently, and threw dirt in her face, but her outcries fortunately soon brought the police to her rescue: one of the villains was arrested, but the other two made their escape.

A DYSPEPTIC young man, whose ailment often induced fits of depressing melancholy and hypochondria, recently hanged himself in a barn at Springfield, Mass. When discovered he was dead, and on examination it was found that his neck was broken.

A GENTLEMAN who had been abroad collecting money due him, recently returned to his home in Cincinnati, and deposited one thousand and seven hundred dollars with his wife for safe keeping, since which he has heard from neither wife nor money.

A MAN named Lee, living in Dunkirk, having resolved to commit suicide, fortified his courage with a couple of glasses of whiskey, and then went into his bed-room, and severing an artery in his arm, he bled to death in a short time.

A CHILD was recently found, one cold morning, in the baggage-room of the Pittsburgh Railroad Station, nearly frozen to death. As no one could tell to whom the child belonged, a kind and childless family adopted the little waif.

A BEGGAR woman was detected a few days since in attempting to kidnap the little daughter of a lady living up town, who had for several months shown the ungrateful creature much kindness.

A MARRIED woman, living in New Orleans, whose husband had whipped her severely one Sunday not long since, went up stairs while still suffering from the flagellation, and hanged herself.

A DRUNKEN brute, living in Utica, attacked his wife with an ax one night recently and fractured her skull, injuring her so severely that she is not expected to live. The ruffian was fortunately arrested and sent to jail.

A LOCOMOTIVE standing alone in Cincinnati, with a head of steam on, suddenly dashed along the track, scattering people promiscuously, and leaped into the river.

A WOMAN living in Chatham, C. W., lately fell in the fire while in a fit, and was burned to death.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1861.

The Cause of the Enormous and Unparalleled Circulation of the Ledger.—We pay more money for contributions by popular and eminent writers, in order to make a great and good paper, than is paid by any ten other literary papers in the country; and, as a legitimate result, our circulation is larger than the combined circulation of any ten others.

We always stop the Ledger at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue, it it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

No Travelling Agents.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such you can put him down as a swindler.

We cannot change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his *former*, as well as his present address.

Rejected Manuscripts.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

Our Only Terms.—Single copies, $2 per annum: two copies, $3; four copies. $6; eight copies, $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1.50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free*. Terms, invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The notes of all specie-paying banks taken at par. When a draft or check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail. ☞ We employ no travelling agents.

"MODERN IMPROVEMENTS."

The Present is somewhat given to crowing over the Past, and certainly the achievements of Modern Discovery and Invention may excuse a little gasconade on the part of the Nineteenth Century. Yet it is no less true that in many things we are mere imitators of the ancients. In sculpture and architecture the best we can do is to copy, very imperfectly, their immortal models. We boast of our military tactics and training, yet the greatest of modern warriors planned his campaigns after those of Alexander and Cæsar, and it appears from authorities quoted by Gibbon that at the dawn of the Christian era exercises identical with those practised by the French "Zouaves" were more thoroughly taught in every Roman camp than they are in France to-day.

Macadamized roads are generally considered a modern invention. The first that was constructed in England, some forty or forty-five years ago, was the wonder of Europe. Nevertheless, much finer roads, built on the same plan, existed in all parts of the Roman Empire in the third century. In fact, these roads, the foundation of which consisted of "several strata of sand, gravel, and cement," overlaid with broken stone, diverged in every direction from the forum of the Eternal City, and terminated only on the frontiers of the empire. One line of communication extended some four thousand miles, a stretch that throws the length of our "national road" somewhat into the shade, and which will not be equalled by the span of the Pacific Railroad, should it ever be built. Moreover, these Roman roads were all furnished with mile-stones, and their solidity is attested by the fact that, after a lapse of sixteen centuries, some of them are better roads to travel than many American turnpikes. Again, Post Routes are usually spoken of as a "modern improvement," dating from the seventeenth century in Europe and the eighteenth here, and yet they traversed all parts of the Latin Empire more than sixteen hundred years ago, and public post-riders, conveying "the earliest intelligence," scoured over them on relays of fast horses at the rate of from one hundred to one hundred and thirty miles a day! Noble baths, great libraries, the water of the magnificent aqueducts, were free to the meanest Roman citizen. We moderns have not improved much upon *that* idea. In chivalrous devotion to the adorable sex, the cavaliers of the nineteenth century claim to be far in advance of the "semi-barbaric ages;" and yet, in the reign of Tiberius, Roman senators walked in the middle of the public streets, dragging their togas in the dust, in order that the ladies of Rome might enjoy undisturbed possession of the sidewalks, which, by the way, the householders on every thoroughfare were compelled by law to keep clean and in good repair for their accommodation. The street department was much better managed in the imperial city, under the Cæsars, than it is in New York at present.

Even modern advertising is not the novelty it is "cracked up" to be. Roman business enterprise was wide awake in the fourth century. Pictorial placards, and written handbills, the letters of which were a cubit (17 inches) long, announced the first appearances and wonderful performances of gladiators, chariot racers, players, singers, gymnasts, wild beasts, &c., and enormous sign boards invited custom to the bazaars and workshops. Sometimes the entire outside of a temple of amusement was covered with bright-colored paintings.

The idea of matrimonial advertising, too, seems to have been of classic origin, for it is said that Plato—the last man among the old philosophers whom one would suspect of playing the go-between—suggested "the establishment of agencies for marriage, by means of which the qualities of each candidate for matrimony might be made known, and men thus have a better chance of procuring wives suited to their various characters." It appears that the old iceberg did not take the chances of the women into consideration at all, but looked upon them in the light of a general assortment of household chattels, from which each "lord of creation" had a right to select the article that best suited his taste. His remark is a proof at least that no "woman's-rights party" was extant in his day, otherwise he dare not, for his ears, have uttered it. Modern marriage brokers have improved on Plato's hint. They give the sexes an equal chance, but it is believed that the *property* of candidates, not their "qualities," is the main point of inquiry with those who favor these panders of Hymen with their patronage.

Having now given our deceased friends, the ancients, credit for equalling us in some respects, and surpassing us in a few others, it may be as well to say that we can afford to be generous to them. The modern world has shot so far ahead of the ancient in the grand essentials of life—in all that ministers to the comfort, happiness, and general well-being of the human race—that we can blow the trumpet of antiquity without derogating from modern desert. An age when man travels by steam, and his wishes, hopes, fears, and commands by lightning, ought to be magnanimous to a dead past that knew not of these things.

◆

—In response to many inquiries from our readers as to when we will commence publishing another story by Mrs. Southworth or Mrs. Ritchie, it gives us pleasure to be able to state that each of these distinguished and popular authoresses is now engaged in writing a story; and we expect to commence their publication very soon.

TRUE WIVES.

History—*all* history—glows with the self-sacrificing devotion of *true wives*. The annals of the old Indian wars, in New England, Virginia, and on the "Dark and Bloody Ground" of Kentucky, are thickly set with romantic episodes of which they were the heroines. The frontier wife and mother of the days of Boone and Daviess was her husband's efficient ally in every dangerous exigency, and could command the domestic garrison in his absence with an ability and courage almost equal to his own. But womanly bravery and fortitude, born of womanly love, are not specialities of any particular age or country or race. There is no end to the true stories of the devotedness of wives. In the time of the first Napoleon, Madame Lavalette plotted the escape of her husband, and took his place in prison with the expectation of being guillotined in his stead. Madame Kinkel, whose husband visited this country some years ago, and preached a fiery crusade against monarchy, did nearly the same thing in Prussia in 1848. The Countess Confalonieri, in her long-continued efforts for her husband's release from the horrible persecutions of the late Emperor of Austria, lost her reason and her life; and only a few years ago, Mrs. Patton, the wife of a sea captain of this city, navigated her sick husband's ship for thousands of miles—nursing him meanwhile with the most tender assiduity—and finally brought it safely into port, in defiance of the machinations of a piratical mate, who sought to create a mutiny on board. Many other instances of wifely faith of an equally exalted character occur to us; but, as we have said, history teems with them—cotemporary history as well as the records of the past.

There are, however, thousands of true wives of whom the world at large never hears—silent watchers and weepers, whose ministrations of comfort and consolation are unceasing, whose abounding love no exaction can exhaust, whose forgiving hearts no amount of outrage can steel against the offenders. To-day, in New York, hundreds of such women are hiding their sorrows from the public as jealously as if their pale cheeks and heavy eyes were a shame to *them* instead of to the men they call husbands, and to whom they cling in despite of neglect and insult and accumulated wrongs. To-night, in this city, hundreds of martyr wives will be watchers far into the night, for revellers who will come home reeking with the fumes of dissipation, without a "thank you" on their lips for devotion so undeserved, or one thought of the heart-crushing, life-shortening anxiety of which they are the cause. Every year whole hecatombs of gentle, wifely hearts are sacrificed to man's selfishness. They bear and forgive, and cease to beat with their wrongs untold. History tells not of these silent, patient heroines. They would not that it should, for its truths would be a reproach to those they love "not wisely but too well."

Do husbands who follow to the graves the victims of their neglect or misconduct, think of these things when the mould rattles down on the coffin-lid? Perhaps they do; but the regret that comes too late is of little moral value. Men with true wives, whose springs of life are drying up under your hard usage, lay not the flattering unction to your souls that such killing is no murder.

◆

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!! BARGAINS!!

Eve thought she got the forbidden fruit at a bargain. The serpent probably told her it was dirt cheap, and she believed him. We have known ladies to be taken in and done for by tempters in the shape of salesmen at extra-cheap dry goods stores, with equal facility. Probably in endeavoring to dispose of the fatal apple, the insincere but smooth-tongued reptile held the rosy side in the best possible light, just as the clerks at Mr. So-and-So's establishment display the silks they are willing to sell at "a terrible sacrifice." In making her bargain, Eve showed an unwifely disregard of her husband's interests, and the manner in which she plunged him into moral and spiritual bankruptcy was by no means creditable to the "first lady in the land." Still, she thought she had a glorious bargain; and many modern ladies, with less excuse than she had, ruin their husbands by similar mistakes.

Few women can resist a bargain. Nevertheless, it is a solemn truth that bargains made at cheap stores are indiscretions. At those magnetic establishments, a few articles that bargain-hunters don't care about are offered under cost, while the bulk of the stock is held at higher prices than are asked for the same goods elsewhere. The motto of the dealer who advertises to undersell all the rest of the trade, is "first catch your lady, then humbug her." It is the old serpent's logic all over, and the plan succeeds with some of the shrewdest daughters of Eve just as well as it did with their simple-minded original mother. The cheapest stores are the solid concerns that have a reputation to lose, that depend upon a broad and steady flow of custom, not upon a rush, and that never deal in flummery and falsehood.

◆

BEGIN TO SAVE.

Nothing is more certain than that when a man begins to lay by money, the desire to accumulate grows with the growth of his savings. The "nest egg" is the chief difficulty. A deposit once made, the self-denial necessary to enable the depositor to add to the initial sum becomes less irksome every day, until at length the thrifty individual derives a greater pleasure from the contemplation of his increasing store, than ever he experienced from the outlay of money to gratify his tastes or pamper his appetites. He feels proud, too, of his own power of self-restraint, and is dignified in his own eyes by his prudential self-sacrifices. According to the testimony of managers of saving banks, a large proportion of those who open accounts with these excellent institutions, are willing to endure severe hardships and privations rather than withdraw their deposits.

Let it be understood, then, that any young man, who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow—ay, or by the sweat of brain, and has sufficient determination so to limit his wants as to save a few dollars for a beginning, is almost sure, by that very act, to lay the foundation of future comfort and competence. The first earnest effort to provide for a rainy day will naturally lead to a second, and the sequence will go on until the great temporal end of life, a sufficient provision against the exigencies of misfortune or the wants of age, shall have been made.

◆

Rutersville P. O., Fayette Co., Texas.
March 22d, 1861.

R. Bonner, Esq.—*Dear Sir:*—I have been a constant reader of your paper for five years. It has become a *necessary of life*. It seems to be impossible to get money from here North. I and several of my friends have sent money, and never heard of it afterwards, particularly to Virginia; it is invariably lost. Now the time of my subscription to your paper will be out in a few weeks. *The paper I must have.* What am I to do? Please let me hear through your next Ledger, and oblige your friend,

M. C. E.

Of the immense amount of money forwarded to us by mail, the per centage of loss is so small as to amount, in a whole year, to nothing to speak of. Put your money in a good envelope, write the direction plainly, and it is sure to reach us.

DAINTY CHILDREN.

It was an approved family maxim twenty or thirty years ago—and the idea is not yet entirely obsolete—that "dainty children" must have their daintiness disciplined out of them. Little creatures with an invincible dislike to fat, were sententiously told that "fat and lean grow together," and were cruelly compelled to swallow the greasy morsels put upon their plates, in spite of their tearful remonstrances and shudders of abhorrence. Vigorous men with almost omniverous appetites, who exercised the right of choice in their eating and drinking, with epicurean fastidiousness, denied it utterly to boys of a tender age, whose palates and stomachs were sensitive by nature. If the pale little victim of dietetic tyranny did not eat what was set before him at one meal, it was "put by" for the next, and the system of "putting by" was mercilessly followed up, until the "dainty" culprit was starved into obedience. This ingenious method of "training the youthful appetite," is going out of fashion we trust; but it is still in vogue with many domestic disciplinarians of the old school, and certainly as a device for making childhood miserable, and laying the foundation of dyspepsia, it ranks high among the errors of old fogyism in the treatment of the rising generation. The latter, however, have found an able champion in a Massachusetts doctor, who in discussing the subject of "Man and his Food," has rapped fathers and mothers who cram children "against the stomach of their sense," soundly over the knuckles. He insists that there are boys and girls in all the various classes of life, who are by nature irremediably "difficult about what they eat." "These little connoisseurs," he says, "cannot eat with the rest of the family, and mother and son are often at issue in an interminable controversy." The truth is, as the doctor well observes, that there are some things we were not made for, and that were not made for us. There are certain kinds of food which suit the *race* well enough, but disgust individuals. And this disgust cannot be overcome—in fact it is invariably aggravated and rendered chronic—by arbitrary measures. Crooked limbs may be straightened, weak muscles developed, all moral and intellectual idiosyncrasies modified, but the palate cannot be chastised out of its likes or dislikes. It may, and sometimes does, change them spontaneously, but it cannot be badgered out of them. Let children, therefore, be exempted from the present torture, and subsequent ill effects, of *bolting* with loathing and nausea, such articles of sustenance as they abhor.

◆

"YOUR CHOICE FOR ONE DOLLAR."

The principal thoroughfares of New York have "broken out" with stores crammed with gaudy "jewelry," whereof the deluded purchaser may take his "choice for one dollar;" while the "cheap Johns" of the trade offer "golden opportunities" for fifty and even twenty-five cents. The splendor of the ornaments is dazzling—in fact, too much so. Such gold never gleamed in California, such diamonds never sparkled in Peru, such opals never corruscated in India. Tinsel and glass produces marvellous gems! Plaster of Paris colored to suit the fancy, beats old Vesuvius in the lava line, and clam-shells, cut with an oyster-knife by competent artists, make delicious cameos.

It may be interesting to those who are apt to be caught like mackerel, with a flaring bait, to know that in the setting of the gems, lavas, clam-shell cameos, &c., &c., &c., there is *not the smallest particle of gold*. The material, which is really a great triumph for Bogus, is a late French discovery, scientifically known as "Oriede." The following is an abstract of the published formula for manufacturing it.

"Pure copper, 100 parts; zinc or tin, (in grains,) 17 ditto; magnesia, 6 do.; sal ammoniac, 3.6 do.; quicklime, 1.8 do.; tartar of commerce, 9 do.—the copper to be melted in a crucible, and the other ingredients added gradually; the zinc being sprinkled in last, like pepper." Stir the whole, as Mrs. Glass might say, until thoroughly melted and mixed, and serve (with jewel trimmings as above mentioned) in any shape you please. First cost of an "Oriede" bracelet, sold at a dollar, about ten cents, and other "magnificent jewelry" in proportion.

It must be admitted that this new mockery of the root of all evil, is surprisingly like the real thing, and, as it is said to be nearly of the same density, and almost as malleable and ductile as gold, it will probably prove a very mischievous imitation. Look out for *Oriede* counterfeits of our gold coins! and where there is cause for suspicion try the virtue of a file scratch and a drop of nitric acid. If the material is base metal the acid will turn it as green as a patron of the one dollar jewelry establishments. Greener can nothing be!

◆

WELLS IN THE DESERT.

"Some things can be done as well as others," quoth the sententious Sam Patch. Nevertheless, the boring of the desert of Sahara, in Central Africa, in search of water, is not among the "things" one would expect to see done. The feat has been accomplished, however, and water, cool water, is now obtainable in the midst of the burning sands. An engineer has sunk three artesian wells in the great desert, and found good water at the depth of less than two hundred feet. Two of these wells yield nearly twelve hundred gallons per minute. Doubtless, as the experiment has proved successful, the region traversed by the great Oriental caravans will soon be supplied with "pure and wholesome water," and we shall hear no more of killing camels for the detestable fluid they carry in their stomachs, or of hundreds of adventurous travellers and traders perishing from thirst on the "overland routes" of the torrid zone. Oases may of course be readily established at short intervals with the aid of irrigation from the wells, and thus the wilderness be literally made to "blossom as the rose." Perhaps, after the great Sahara shall have been sprinkled over with these new "Diamonds of the Desert," Central Africa may become a fashionable resort. Almost everything else in the way of tour-ing has been "done," and a new sensation is wanted.

◆

PASSING AWAY!

It appears from the records of the Patent Office at Washington that the muster-roll of the Revolution had dwindled down, at the date of the latest returns, to two hundred and seven names. Probably the survivors of the great struggle do not now number more than two hundred, as there have been deaths in their ranks since the census was taken. The remnant will soon be gone, and there will be none to say "I have seen and spoken with Washington," or to fight over again the battle of Trenton, or describe the wintry horrors of Valley Forge, or shoulder a crutch to show how Stony Point was stormed and won. It is said that the little remnant of the Revolutionary host is well cared for—that no one of its members suffers from the gripe of actual poverty. We hope it is so; for it would indeed be an everlasting shame to the country if any one of the little band of "Seventy Sixers," who now totter on the edge of the grave, should know privation. Such a thing, however, can hardly be. No American community would permit it.

A STONE FOR A GLASS HOUSE.

Dandyism, like the measles, should be gone through in early life. On a fine, handsome boy of sixteen or eighteen it sits gracefully, and offends no one. After that, we look to see him in earnest, about something *besides* bright neckties and cream-colored kids—well enough for a Broadway gambler, lounging on a sunny corner, but, according to our female ideas, eschewed by men of brains. It may be a weakness, but a pair of light gloves on a *man*, except on some festive occasion, immediately inclines our nose skyward; *dark* gloves, Messieurs, if you please, and—as you love us—no glitter of watch-chain or shirt-fixin's. *Then*—though you may be no Solomon—we know you sometimes think. In this connection, would it be too much to ask, what madness has seized the male population of New York, to array themselves, like so many footmen, in those long, petticoat-y coats which now caress their heels, making day hideous. Talk of "female servility to fashion," when short, dumpy men allow their tailors to swallow them up in these swaddling clothes, by which even the tallest man escapes utter ugliness, "so as by fire!" We regaled our eyes a whole block, the other day, with the sight of a gentleman who had the moral courage to go out and face fashion in a bran-new-short-bob-tailed coat. Goodness, how refreshing! No man in these footman-like coats is allowed a waist—the two defining back waist-buttons being placed where a sitting position might be supposed to render them uncomfortable. In short, no monstrosity of female fashion was ever uglier. Now, in our view, consistency demands that the other sex should be dumb—from this time—henceforth—and forevermore—upon the "compulsory vagaries of female fashion." As to "female extravagance"—contemplate forty-five dollars for a man's coat; sixty dollars for a dozen shirts; twelve dollars for a vest; fourteen for a pair of pants; twelve dollars a dozen for gloves, each pair to be worn but once; and three hundred dollars for a watch; all expended by unhappy young men, who "*would be glad to be married, were not the women of the present day so extravagant!*"

I am disposed to be lenient on the boot-question—for if I have a weakness, which is a matter of doubt among those who know me best! it is for a row of nicely-fitting gaiter-boots all my own, and paid for. I know it is a weakness *to pay for them*, but that is a provincial relict of my down-east birth-place in Portland—Maine; where the girls are as sound as the timber, and the men are primitively honest.

Fanny Fern.

◆

BREAKFAST.

"Young men about town" are apt to complain that they have "no appetite for breakfast." How should they have? Appetite is not the result of perpendicular drinking in heated bar-rooms, late and indigestible suppers, and the fevered sleep consequent upon dissipation. Gay fellows—what a misnomer!—who go to bed with a reeling brain at two o'clock in the morning, and rise with a furred tongue and fishy eyes at eight, expect too much of their gastric juices, if they expect to have an appetite for breakfast. The savory beefsteak has no hunger-provoking odor for their nostrils. The aromatic coffee seems to them to exhale "a pestilent congregation of vapors." And why? Simply because the fumes of the over-night debauch have depraved their sense of smell. The olfactory membrane is saturated with cigar smoke and the volatile principle of alcohol, and to their sick sense even the pure and blessed air seems tainted with a foul effluvium. The obscene ghost of their intemperate carousal haunts and torments them in various ways; and with a shudder born of a tender stomach, they protest they have "no appetite for breakfast."

But to the temperate and healthy man the matin meal is a source of genuine enjoyment. See how he discusses it. The under-done steak, with its due complement of fat and gravy, which is an abomination to the whitey-brown young gentleman opposite, who was heard tumbling up stairs at 2 A. M., is to *him* a satisfying luxury. He sniffs the fragrance of the steaming Mocha as the war-horse the scent of battle, and saith, "ha! ha!" The buttered buckwheats disappear under his manipulations in a style more gratifying to "whole-souled" wives than to professional boarding-house-keepers. His whitey-brown vis-a-vis regards him with amazement, not unmingled with disgust, but never a whit pauseth he for that. There is within him a "devouring element," which may not be stayed or quenched until the ample ration be consumed. The half-animated cadaver, on the other side of the table, coughs hurriedly, and leaves the room for some unexplained purpose; but the vigorous representative of health, temperance and early hours, keeps right on till his trenchant hunger is appeased. Then he turns to his newspaper and feeds his brain, coquetting meanwhile with his final cup of coffee, and experiencing such physical, moral and mental enjoyment as no person "without an appetite for breakfast" can conceive of, much less realize.

◆

NEWSPAPERS ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Any one who will step into the library of an Historical Society, and look over a file of London newspapers, of the reign of George III., will be astounded at the frequency with which crimes of violence were committed. Traitors were hung, drawn and quartered; burglary, forgery, horse-stealing, sheep-stealing, and almost every kind of robbery, were punished with death. Shop-lifters, when not hanged, were branded or whipped. It was a *common thing* for twenty prisoners to receive sentence of death at one session of a criminal court, and for half of them to be actually executed. At the same time, crimes of violence were the great staple of news, and the papers teemed with horrors. Highway robbery was so common, was pursued with so much courage, skill and success, as to be regarded almost as a kind of liberal profession. We read of *gangs* of robbers, of the robbery of noblemen within sight of the dome of St. Paul's, of the murder of women for a few shillings, of the most atrocious midnight butcheries. In the column of a newspaper which records several such deeds, we find it stated that at the "Lent Assizes," in the year 1774, one hundred and forty-six persons were sentenced to death, of whom very few were convicted of any of the few crimes for which a man is now put to death.

◆

SUBJECTION TO FASHION.

A King, whose legs were not presentable, set the fashion of loose pantaloons. Another monarch, with a still more unpresentable neck, abolished the falling collar of the chivalric era, and made heavy cravats the mode. In fact, half the absurdities of fashion in the olden time, were the results of attempts to hide the deformities or enhance the beauties of distinguished personages. Whatever royalty or royalty's favorite chose to invent or adopt as an article of costume, was at once assumed by the sycophants or hangers-on of the court. After that period came the heroic age of fashion, when Blucher and Wellington boots, Waterloo silks, and even Anglesey artificial legs had their day. The seige of Sebastapol introduced Raglan and Pellissier coats, and the battles of Italy, Solferino and Magenta ribbons and velvets.

All these, and innumerable other "foreign styles," we independent Americans have assiduously copied.

THE EDITOR'S CRIME.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

With a gloomy air,
And a dreamy stare,
An Editor sits in his sanctum-chair,
Musing like one in trouble or doubt,
And what do you think he is thinking about?

"I'm sorely afraid
This wearisome trade
Will waste me away to the veriest shade;
And force me, perhaps,—but that cannot be—
A *murder* 's a horrible crime!" said he.

"I never shirk
Editorial work,
Nor mind the libel that in it may lurk;
Miscellaneous matter is easy to chose;
But the News!—the *News!*—they *will* have News!

A leader to write,
Or a tale to indite,
Is easy as lying—that isn't the "bite;"
All wholesome reading the public refuse;
'Tis "News!"—"*News!*"—"News!"—they *will* have News!

That's not the worst,
My paper is curs'd,
Unless it is crammed, till it's ready to burst,
With doings at which humanity quails,
Rapes, Riots and Murders, with all the details!

A bloodless row,
Or a five-legg'd cow,
Is quite too tame for an item now;
"News"—"*News*"—"News!"—is still the song,
And then they *will* have it so horribly strong

'Twas but 'tother day
I heard a man say,
He wan't to be done in so shabby a way—
For, of all the crimes my paper could boast,
The worst, for a month, was a "Murder!—*almost.*"

Ah! *malheureux!*
'Tis true!—'tis true!
But what the deuse can an Editor do?
If crimes *won't* happen, they don't suppose
I'm going to make 'em?—(Ha!—ha!—who knows?)

I will—I won't—
I dare—I don't!—
I tremble to thnk I am thinking upon't!"
The blackest of frowns is clouding his brow—
O, what is the editor muttering now?

On the following day,
In a flaming way,
The *Pepperville Post* was "shocked to say,
Our slumbering city was roused last night
By a startling sound, and a horrible sight!

Diabolical Crime!
Last night—sometime—
Not far from the stroke of the midnight chime,
By some person unknown, with a pistol or gun,
A most unnatural Murder was Done!

On Jonathan Brown!—
While walking down
The principal street of our beautiful town—
A citizen held in the highest regard;
And the Mayor should offer a handsome reward

For the infamous wretch,
That the rascal may stretch
The best bit of rope in the hands of Jack Ketch!
Post scriptum. A chap has been lurking about
Whom nobody knows—the assassin, no doubt.

Still Later! 'Tis said
That the murderous lead
Had a conical shape, and went quite thro' the head:
☞ Of our wide-awake journal we don't wish to boast,
But no Pepperville print has the news, but the Post!"

I grieve to tell
Suspicion fell
On the man who had told the story so well!
Namely, the Editor!—none but he
Knew aught of the case—who else could it be?

On looking around,
A bullet was found
(Of a conical shape) not far from the ground
Where it was known the murder was done—
A bullet that fitted the Editor's gun!

'Tis sad to relate
How the merciless State
Doomed him to suffer a murderer's fate;
And how on the gallows the wicked Editor
Died—lamented by many a creditor!

But I'm glad to say
It was told, that day
Such things are out of the usual way;
And, to the honor of all the *corps*,
Never was Editor hanged before!

FIRST MORAL.

Don't edit a journal!
(That is, a diurnal,)
The labors and dangers are really infernal;
And will drive you, at last, to some folly or other;
Perhaps to the fate of your Pepperville brother!

SECOND MORAL.

If you choose to regard
Such advice as too hard,
And *will* edit a Daily, in spite of the bard,
Go to *Babylon*—where, in the dullest of times,
You won't have occasion to do your own "Crimes!"

THIRD MORAL.

If you *must* have a bite
At eleven at night,
Don't eat lobster-salad, but take something light;
Or,—*crede experto*,—you'd better beware
Of taking a nap in your sanctum-chair!

◆

JOURNEYMEN AND APPRENTICES.

There is a list of rules extant which were drawn up for the regulation of the servants of Queen Elizabeth. For most offences a fine of one penny was imposed. One crime, however, was visited with the penalty of four pence, a great sum in an age when servants' wages were only a few shillings a year. This serious fine of four pence was exacted of every man who should utter an oath, or any indecent word, in the hearing of a boy. A rule like this might well be in force in every shop and store where men and boys work together; and if a fine is deemed improper, the public opinion of the shop should enforce the rule. Journeymen owe duties to apprentices, and clerks to errand-boys. If men are willing to corrupt one another, they should, at least, afford a decent example to the young. A man, indeed, should regard himself as a kind of exemplar to all the boys in the world, and behave as such in the presence of boys.

◆

ONE OF LIFE'S LESSONS.

If you have a sore place in your heart, keep it covered over, if you would escape the bitterness of having one whose hand you have trustingly grasped in love or friendship, wantonly turn a poisoned arrow in the wound, in some chance mood of ill-humor. To those who have seen only the sunny side of life, these words may seem ungracious; but *who that has suffered much*, has not learned this sad lesson?

OPEN SECRETS.

BY ALICE CARY.

The truth lies round about us, all
Too closely to be sought—
So open to our vision that
'Tis hidden to our thought.

We know not what the glories
Of the grass, the flower, may be,
We needs must struggle for the sight
Of what we always see.

Waiting for storms and whirlwinds,
And to have a sign appear,
We deem not God is speaking in
The still small voice we hear.

In reasoning proud, blind leaders of
The blind, through life we go,
And do not know the things we see,
Nor see the things we know.

Single and indivisible,
We pass from change to change,
Familiar with the strangest things,
And with familiar, strange.

We make the light through which we see
The light, and make the dark—
To hear the lark sing, we must be
At heaven's gate with the lark.

THE HARLOW ESTATE.

ITS HEIRS---REAL AND PRETENDED.

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY P. HAMILTON MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "PAUL MORTON," "PRISONER OF THE BORDER," "BELL BRANDON," "THE VAN VELDENS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Simon Blass fulfilled his agreement to cause a vigilant watch of little Herbert to be maintained, and to learn what disposition of him was made, or was contemplated by his friends.

On the day of Rook's arrival in town, the lad was still at Mrs. Gale's house, but it was expected that he would remain there only one day longer, as Mrs. Binney had obtained and moved into her new quarters, and would be ready, she said, to take him home with her the next afternoon.

All this the lawyer learned from a detective whom he had employed, and whose business for several days was limited to an espionage of this little boy and his unsuspecting friends. He was still on the same quest, and Blass knew that he could depend upon his promptly reporting any change or prospect of change in the position of affairs.

Rook entered with much zeal into the service of his friends. He saw no difficulty in carrying out their plans: it was quite a trifle, he said, compared to the other job, and could be very easily put through. It was part of his business to believe what was related to him of the child's history, and he either did so, or maintained a very good semblance of belief.

"The boy's name is Weldover, you say," he said to his late partner, with whom the details of the transaction were to be arranged, and who had given him an outline of what was to be done, and the pretended reasons for doing it.

"Yes—Edward Weldover."

"And he has neither father nor mother?"

"He has neither living, it is believed. He is a vagrant, and probably the son of a vagrant. Three days ago he was a street-beggar, and such he must again become if we do not do something for him."

"Yes, of course," replied the other, musing. "Strange there should be such a resemblance to Mrs. Sitterly's son."

"It is not so *very* striking, but the trouble is that Miss Sitterly, who has never ceased to mourn for her brother, is bewitched with the belief that this is he, and she has found an old woman to corroborate her story—this same Mrs. Binney with whom he is going to stay."

"Oh, yes; old women will believe anything."

"And you see how the thing *might* lead to trouble—not that anything could ever be made of it."

"Of course not."

"But with this lawyer Lynde, who is starving for want of business, to take it in hand——"

"Oh, yes; I see."

"Yes—you are a professional man, Mr. Rook, and you know very well how much can be made out of such little things when there is a large estate to be pecked at, and to be held up as the prize which is to reward success."

"I know—I know."

"Money, unfortunately, can do most anything in this world," added Blass, with a virtuous air; "lawyers, witnesses, even courts are liable to be affected by it."

Rook looked grave, and said it was too true.

"So you see," added Simon, "partly for these reasons, yet really more, far more out of charity to the poor boy, and to give him a good home, we have decided upon this course. Mrs. Sitterly, as I have told you, is willing to make a very liberal yearly allowance for his maintenance, besides the *bonus* I spoke of."

"Precisely—I have reason to know that she is a generous lady, and you are very fortunate in having such a sister-in-law and such a client."

Blass thought he was.

Rook mused at intervals during his conversation, and seemed somewhat absent-minded. He knew that his friends depended upon his ingenuity for a plan to get quiet and prompt possession of the boy, and the means were yet to be decided on.

"You know the residence of this Mrs. Binney?" he said.

"Yes, exactly; she lives in —— street, where she has just moved; I know the house and her rooms."

"It is a good location for our purpose. To-morrow, you say, she is to take this boy, Edward, home with her."

"To-morrow afternoon."

"Yes—very well. She will keep him about four hours. Eddy will go out in the night train with me."

Rook spoke so confidently that Mr. Blass felt as though the thing was done. Yet he ventured to inquire the other's plans.

"Nothing easier," said his friend. "I shall have only a woman to deal with. I am his father, if necessary, who has just heard of his being found, and has come to take him home. If Mrs. Binney doubts, there is my card, with my address in the city, where she can call next day and satisfy herself, or if she is so unreasonable as to doubt still, I will take her with me in the carriage to see that it is all right, and to see the meeting between the boy and his mother. Trust me for getting rid of her before reaching the *dépôt*."

Blass laughed and said "very good."

"I only speak of this as one way; I have not decided yet. Perhaps I shall be a messenger from that Mrs. Weldover, who wants to see him very much about some property which her husband left him. And Mrs. Binney can accompany us there, all parties to come right back in an hour or two."

"Better yet; but I don't exactly see how you are to get rid of the woman."

"Pshaw! I do. We stop at Mrs. Weldover's, say, or my house, whatever I please to call it——"

"Yes——"

"And the driver, who has his cue, jumps down and hands the lady out first."

"Yes."

"Then he shuts the door—I hold it from the inside—he jumps on to his box, and drives off to the *dépôt*."

"But if——"

"No, no! no more 'buts' and 'ifs.' I don't say I'll do it in one of these ways, but *I'll do it*. I may think of something better."

"I was only going to say——"

"Well, don't say it."

"That she might still refuse to go, or to let him go."

"I will be prepared for that, too. I shall not go alone, and my companion, if necessary, is an officer with process. Eddy is charged with crime. He *must* go. Just leave it all to me, and never fear the result."

Blass was at last satisfied, and was content to await results patiently, for he thought that even though his friend should prove to have been over confident, and should fail in his first attempt, some other and subsequent one must prove successful.

Evelyn, meanwhile, was not interdicted from going to see Herbert at Mrs. Gale's. Mr. Blass had requested that she might not be, for, as we have seen, he knew the plan which she and Aunt Ally had adopted in regard to a home for the boy, and he wished it carried out.

She might even happen to meet Mr. Lynde there, but that was not now important. Everything was considered as subservient to the main business of obtaining quiet possession of the child.

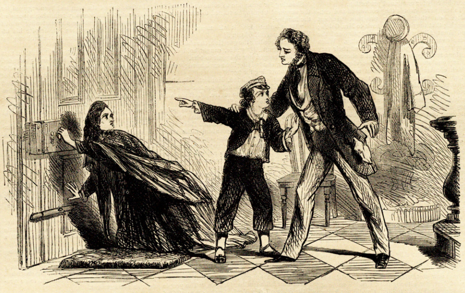
"We must circumvent the plotters," said Mrs. Sitterly.

"We must hoist the engineer with his own petard," said Simon.

"Good—so we will," said Rook.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Miss Sitterly fully availed herself of her unrestricted privilege of visiting Herbert during the few days that he remained at Mrs. Gale's.



UNEXPECTED BUT WELCOME VISITORS.

But, with instinctive delicacy, she had so timed her calls, as to be little liable to meet Seth, of whose accustomed business hours she had some general knowledge. She did not go there in the evening, precisely because she knew that Mr. Lynde had spent part of an evening there, conversing with the child, and it seemed probable to her that he might do so again. Having committed what she considered a grave error in taking Herbert to a relative of her lover, she doubtless hoped in some degree to repair her fault by not meeting the young gentleman there.

Seth, who knew that she visited Herbert frequently, thought it strange that he should always miss her; but when he spoke to Mrs. Gale about it, she told him plainly that Miss Sitterly intentionally avoided meeting him, and that she had refused to allow him to be sent for the first day that she was there with her brother.

The good lady sighed and looked grave as she said this; but Seth laughed, and said it was all right. He knew Evelyn and her modest ways, he said, but he would see her there yet.

He was, indeed, a little piqued to see that his aunt believed him to be an object of dislike to Evelyn, and he longed to tell her—what he knew he had no right to do—that they were plighted lovers. It was partly out of vanity that Seth felt this desire, but it was really far more because he knew that it would give her the most unqualified delight.

But Seth repeated that it was "all right" with such an air of confidence and cheeriness, that Mrs. Gale, who well knew her nephew was no braggart, suspected the whole truth.

This conversation took place on the morning of the day appointed for the lad's removal to his new home, Seth having stepped in on his way down to his office.

"The dear little fellow is to leave me to-day," said the aunt. "I cannot bear to part with him."

"Yes, I know. At what hour will Mrs. Binney come for him?"

"About four or five o'clock, I presume."

"And Evelyn will come with her, of course. I will be here at three."

"Come and dine with me at two, and then you will be sure not to miss them."

"I will, thank you. I will be here at two o'clock."

Evelyn paid frequent visits to her poor disowned brother that day; there were many little comforts to be provided for him, and she feared that she should be able to see him but seldom in his new home.

He was to go to school (the indefatigable girl had herself made all the arrangements) during the hours which aunt Ally spent at her shop, and on holidays he was to come with her to the store, and learn to be a clerk.

These were all the "plots" which the fair conspirator entertained, despite her step-mother's accusations. She sought thus to provide for dear Herbert's comfort, and to keep him near her, still hoping that at some future time his rights would be acknowledged. She knew nothing, thought nothing, of any legal measures of redress for the discarded boy. It was her habit of mind to consider Mrs. Sitterly's *fiat* as something quite definitive, and not liable to reversal.

Seth thought otherwise. He looked upon the matter with professional eyes; and although he knew the disadvantage at which poverty litigates with wealth, and with such wealth, he believed there was a possibility of re-instating the lost child in his rights, as the heir of old Hugh Harlow.

The case would be a very difficult one to manage, and either much money or a great deal of gratuitous labor would be required to carry it on. Mrs. Sitterly could of course command the best legal talent; and if she was as unprincipled as he feared, she could also command a preponderance of testimony which would quite outweigh the evidence of the excitable Evelyn and her humble friend.

It was fearful odds to enter the lists against, especially for a young, unknown man, whose professional honors were yet to be won. But Seth had an old-fashioned habit, which he had acquired, as most young men do acquire their best qualities, from the influence of a pious mother, and that was to trust results to Providence. He would do the best he could, fully believing that God would defend the right.

"The good book says that 'the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong,' aunty Gale," he said, when at dinner that day he disclosed his views on the subject to that lady.

"It is most true, Seth. I remember a remarkable case——"

But Seth, who knew that his aunt's "cases" were apt to be as long as any of Cowen's, pleasantly cut her short with a smile, and the words:

"Yes; but as we may so soon be interrupted, I want to tell you the one reason which chiefly makes me hesitate to advise a lawsuit."

"What is it, Seth?"

"*I fear that Evelyn is mistaken!*"

"*Mistaken! You* fear it? Then it must be far more doubtful than I supposed."

"I confess I don't see how it is possible for her to be so greatly deceived, and yet it seems equally impossible that a *mother* should not know her child, or, knowing, should deny him."

"It is true. I have thought a great deal about it. It is a mystery, whichever way you look at it. She could not disown that child if she knew it to be hers. It is not in human nature, Seth. She *must* believe what she says."

"That is what troubles me. Evelyn is at least as likely to be mistaken as she. But I have not seen her yet since the boy was found. Perhaps she will convince me."

About the middle of the afternoon Miss Sitterly came to make her parting visit to her brother, whom she did not expect to see again for several days. She was to remain with him until Aunt Ally called for him about two hours later; but she came very near taking to flight when she caught sight of a gentleman's hat in the hall, for she could not pretend to doubt whose presence that sign indicated.

But Evelyn did not retreat, although it was with a most painful embarrassment that she followed Mrs. Gale into the parlor, where Seth, with an air of frank, hearty delight, advanced quickly to meet her.

In a few words he expressed his boundless joy at the wonderful event which had restored to Miss Sitterly her long lost brother, and his grief at the equally extraordinary circumstances which were calculated so sadly to alloy the happiness it had produced.

Evelyn was spared the exhibition of emotion, which an attempt to answer this sympathetic greeting must have occasioned, by the opportune entrance of Herbert, who had been watching for her from an upper window, and who now rushed in great glee to meet her, and to receive her accustomed embraces.

"Can you doubt now?" asked Mrs. Gale, after watching, with moist eyes, the meeting between brother and sister. "This is what takes place every time she comes."

If Seth had any remaining scepticism, it was soon dispelled when Evelyn had recovered sufficient equanimity to converse with calmness. He became, indeed, in a little while quite as confident as Miss Sitterly herself, that the boy before him was really Herbert Harlow.

When assured of this, he introduced, without further hesitation, the subject of instituting legal proceedings to re-instate Herbert in his rights, and to procure the appointment of a guardian.

Evelyn was quite frightened at this idea, but she had not listened long to Seth, before she was convinced that it was her duty to consent to such steps, if milder measures could not prevail to the same end.

It was a case of great importance, Seth said, which ought to be conducted by the most eminent counsel. But as great lawyers required great fees, and Herbert's friends had nothing to pay, he would gladly assume the management of the suit, if Miss Sitterly would entrust it to him, and he believed he should be able to engage the assistance of a distinguished advocate, who was his personal friend.

The young lady smiled at the idea of her having any control of the matter, but replied that she would most gladly commit the case to Mr. Lynde's management, provided, as she had before said, that no suit should be commenced, until all pacificatory means for an adjustment of the affair had been exhausted.

It would be difficult to say whether Evelyn's terror or Seth's joy was most extreme when this conclusion was arrived at. The idea of authorizing a law-suit against Mrs. Sitterly, and virtually against her own father, was so awful to the young lady, she felt almost as if she had been guilty of that unfilial rebellion, to which the Mosaic law affixed the penalty of death. But a strict sense of duty influenced her to the course she had resolved on, which she knew must be pursued at the sacrifice of what little peace of mind yet remained to her, and perhaps with no resulting benefit to Herbert.

But Seth! He was to have a suit at last—and such a suit! He would be the envy of half the profession, at least of that half who did not know that he was to work without pay. But the great novelty of the case, the magnitude of the interests involved, the distinguished character of one of the litigants, would be such as to attract general attention, and to afford for himself (if he possessed half the talent which he fondly believed,) an opportunity for a most brilliant opening to his professional career! How his heart bounded at the thought! His time for achieving distinction had at last arrived! He had waited long and patiently, and not idly. He had studied and delved into countless occult branches of jurisprudence; he had stored his mind with musty knowledge which he had feared would never be available to him; he had learned the laws of rhetoric, and the graces of elocution, and how to touch with kindling sympathy the springs of that most mysterious of all instruments, the human heart—and now—and now came the golden, the glorious opportunity to apply these varied acquirements, and to win for himself the meed due to genius and patient toil.

But if thus, artist-like, the young lawyer looked enthusiastically upon the means of gratifying a high and honorable ambition, there was still a nobler sentiment underlying all this, and prompting him, with still more force, to the most earnest and effective action.

The beloved Evelyn was wronged, and it was his province, like that of some chivalrous knight errant, to redress her grievances. Innocent childhood was to be protected and restored to its wrested rights. Gilded vice was to be exposed and punished, and what wonder if he, who hoped to accomplish all this, felt that his was a high and honorable mission, worthy of the best powers which Heaven has vouchsafed to man.

The young lawyer and his fair friend discussed, at much length, the weighty business which they had so boldly taken in hand, and the nature of the amicable overtures which were to be made to Mrs. Sitterly, before seeking to place their little friend behind the protecting ægis of the Law.

Evelyn also considered it necessary to inform Mr. Lynde of the insinuations which had been made against him and herself, as conspirators to establish the claim of a false heir to the estate, and expressed her fears that these charges would now be distinctly and openly made, and that her indiscretion in bringing Herbert to the house of a relative of Mr. Lynde would give color to it.

"We must be prepared for such accusations," Seth replied, "and for every effort to heap obloquy and ridicule upon our movements. Shall we falter for this?"

"No; but are you sure that my father cannot compel me to desist from this suit?"

"Certainly. It is not your suit. It is Herbert's; and any lawyer would have the right to prosecute it without consent of yours. I might have done so; I might even do it now, against your will, although of course I would not."

"Oh, very well, I am glad to hear that, for if father had power by any means to compel me to withdraw it, I am sure he would do so."

While they conversed, Mrs. Binney, beaming with delight at the prospect of at last obtaining the beloved Herbert, arrived, on her way to her new home; and the lad went at once to make preparations to accompany her, Aunt Ally cheerfully lending her assistance in getting him ready.

While this was doing, Seth inquired of Miss Sitterly some particulars about the boy's new home, and he was surprised when he heard that it was to be in a tenement house, although one of the better class, and in a street, which although containing many respectable poor people, had a considerable element of vice and rowdyism in its population.

"The heir of the Harlows should be better lodged," he said.

"There is no other place," Evelyn replied, "and Mrs. Binney, who begged hard for the privilege of taking the child, has moved to these quarters, from far poorer ones, I believe, for this express purpose."

"It would be cruel to disappoint her then, and doubtless, with such a friend, he will be well taken care of—even in the abodes of poverty."

"I am sure he will," said Evelyn.

"And yet," added Lynde thoughtfully, "it seems to me, we ought to guard against——I really do not like to say it, Miss Sitterly—but you well know that the claim which we are about to make in behalf of this child is *very large*."

"Yes."

"*Very large*," repeated Seth emphatically, "involving more than a million of dollars besides some questions of humanity."

"Yes."

"I do not like to insinuate serious suspicions; but a lawyer looks at such things with a business eye; and if any thing should happen to Herbert, and I had failed to give prudential counsels, I should be greatly to blame."

"What *do* you mean, Mr. Lynde?"

"I mean that those who deny this boy his rights, may possibly—possibly I say—seek to put him beyond the power of asserting them."

Evelyn turned very pale, and replied quickly:

"It is impossible! No, there are bounds even to crime; and a mother *could not* contemplate such a thing. But if it were otherwise, what safety is there in any home for the child, if not in one where he will be so tenderly loved and so carefully watched."

"There can at least be no immediate danger for him," Seth replied, "as no legal claim has yet been set up in his behalf, and Mrs. Sitterly and her friends, I presume, do not yet know either that he is to reside with Mrs. Binney, or where her abode is."

"No, they know nothing about her."

"If on reflection I should consider it prudent to have him better guarded, perhaps I can make arrangements for his coming, within a few days, into my father's family—you would not object to this?"

Evelyn with difficulty gave the expected answer to this appeal, for she thought of the pleading face, and the tearful eyes of the lonely widow.

"I shall really need to converse a great deal with him, if he becomes my client, and it will be every way best to have him under my own roof. Under the promptings of frequent questionings, he may remember many things which will lead to the discovery of important testimony, which might otherwise never be obtained."

"Yes, yes—but pray do not speak of it before *her*," said Evelyn, hastily, as Aunt Ally and Herbert re-appeared, arrayed for their departure. "Let her, at least, have her happiness unalloyed now."

Mrs. Binney was laden with a moderate-sized bundle of Herbert's apparel, which she cheerfully undertook to carry, while the lad himself bore a few small packages.

Seth proposed to get a carriage, but Aunt Ally would not hear of such a thing.

"It is not half my usual walk," she said, "and it is a fine day; Herbert will enjoy walking and looking in the shop windows as we go along. Come, my dear, bid your friends good-bye."

Evelyn restrained her starting tears as she kissed him tenderly, and gave him some parting admonitions, and Mrs. Gale, who looked quite the saddest of the party, having also kissed him and exacted a promise of frequent visits, they were permitted to depart.

Evelyn gazed tearfully after them, and impressed by Mr. Lynde's prudential counsels, she felt the strongest inclination to call them back. She went to the door hesitatingly and ashamed of her vacillation, but the happy expression which beamed on Aunt Ally's face as she looked around, on turning a corner, determined her. *She could not* disappoint her now, and she was sure it could not be necessary, as even Seth did not apprehend any immediate danger.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Herbert's departure had been watched by other eyes than those of his friends.

On the opposite side of the street, half a block distant from Mrs. Gale's, a man lounged upon the front steps of a dwelling, reading a newspaper and smoking a cigar, and apparently wholly engrossed with these occupations. He had quite the air of a resident of the house, a part of which he had so unceremoniously appropriated, yet it may be safe to say he was an entire stranger to its interior.

He seemed to have exhausted his paper about the time that Mrs. Binney and Herbert came out, and having deliberately folded it, and put it in his pocket, he descended the steps and sauntered down the street a dozen rods behind the unsuspecting woman.

Keeping at about this distance, and always on the opposite of the way from his quarry, the shadow followed Mrs. Binney through parts of half a dozen streets, until he saw her enter her new home; and then, passing by without once looking at it, he turned into another street. He had no occasion to inspect the tenement house, for he was already well acquainted with almost every part of it, and particularly with the two rooms which Aunt Ally had taken, which he had thoroughly explored after she engaged and before she moved into them.

The shadow reported progress to Simon Blass, and Blass in turn to Rook, who said that the matter was settled now, and he and Mrs. Sitterly might set their hearts quite at ease. The business would be done that night, and they need not take the trouble to inquire about it, and expose themselves to any unpleasant suspicions. The shadow could be discharged, as even a shadow might know too much. He would telegraph back to them from Albany, he said, in the morning, and the message would be "Arrived safe—all right."

"He's a thorough man, that Rook," said Simon to his sister-in-law. "I have found him so in everything."

"Do you think it certain he will succeed?"

"Perfectly; he's cool, adroit, and courageous. I'd wager twenty to one on his entire success."

"And you think there is no doubt the child will have a good home out there?" added the lady, with an air of solicitude.

This leading question received the answer which it suggested. Blass thought there was no doubt.

It was about five o'clock, on a Spring afternoon, when Aunt Ally and her little friend arrived at their new quarters, which they found in a very orderly and cleanly condition, for the good woman had taken as much pains in preparing her apartments for Herbert's arrival as if he had been some distinguished guest. Her little furniture was disposed to the best advantage, and everything had an air of tidiness and comfort.

Aunt Ally had also engaged the services of an active little girl to assist her in the labors of housekeeping, and her they found in charge of the rooms, and awaiting their arrival with everything ready for setting the tea-table without delay. But Herbert had dined late, and his comfort was to be consulted; so that, although Mrs. Binney had only lunched, as usual, at her shop, the meal was put off until about seven o'clock.

When it was finished it was almost dark, and the table being cleared, Herbert sat down to read some new picture-books which Evelyn had given him, while his happy benefactress, with her neglected knitting in hand, sat at his side partaking of his amusement. She had a constant desire to hear more of the history of his strange life during those four long years which had elapsed since he had been exiled from home, but she thought she would have plenty of time to talk with him about these things, and she would not interrupt him now. About nine o'clock in the evening Aunt Ally remembered that she had yet to purchase some small articles for family use, and she went out at once to procure them, taking Herbert with her. It was a mild, clear evening, which the starlight alone prevented from being quite dark; but it was light enough for Mrs. Binney's purposes, as she had but a little way to go, and she had already become quite well acquainted with the localities in her new neighborhood.

Yet she was gone longer than she expected; whenever she started for home she remembered something else which she wanted, and she continued her miscellaneous shopping until about half-past nine, when she finally turned her steps homeward.

Herbert, laden with a few small packages, walked at her side, chatting freely, and they had nearly reached the tenement house, when a carriage drove rapidly past them and stopped in front of one of the entrances to the building.

As the inhabitants of that Tenement Row did not usually ride in carriages, the incident naturally attracted the attention and excited the curiosity of Mrs. Binney, who had not noticed, in the first instance, that the door before which the vehicle stopped was the one which she must enter to reach her own apartments.

She saw this as she came nearer, and not without greatly increased interest, for the thought of Herbert's rich relations instantaneously occurred to her, and she feared they might have relented and sent for him.

It was a fear rather than a hope, for although she would have rejoiced at it for the child's sake, and for Evelyn's, she would have felt her own bereavement sorely—but however it might be, she thought with a sense of relief that at least it was not her duty to surrender the child to any one but Miss Sitterly, from whom she had received him.

Aunt Ally walked very slowly, closely watching the carriage, and when she saw two men alighting from it, she stepped quickly into the doorway of one of the other halls which led through the large building, and bade Herbert keep quite still.

Her fears began to take another shape; she thought it a strange hour to send for the child, and there seemed to her a superfluity of messengers for a peaceful errand; she would at least wait and learn what she could of the nature of the visit before she advanced farther. The men conversed a moment together, and then entered the house, and she heard them ascend the stairs.

As they very soon returned she was convinced they did not go farther than the second story; and her rooms being on that floor her apprehensions became almost a certainty, and she trembled violently with alarm.

That some evil was meditated towards the dear boy at her side, she believed almost certain; and if any harm should come to him, while he was in her charge, she was sure she should never see a moment's happiness again. She did not dare to run with Herbert, lest they should be seen and pursued, and the child should be carried off; and she was equally afraid to enter the house by the passage in which she stood, for then, if followed, her retreat would be quite cut off. She remained silently watching her visitors, who had returned to the sidewalk, and they were so near to her, that when other noises diminished she could hear them talk in a low tone, but she could only distinguish an occasional word of their conversation, and nothing which gave a clue to its import.

Eight or ten minutes passed, during which the poor woman's anxiety increased almost to madness, and still the strangers maintained their position, looking up and down the street, and evidently awaiting her approach. When she thought they were about to depart, instead of doing so, one of them again went up stairs, and presently descended, accompanied by the little girl whom Aunt Ally had left at home. Anna was talking in a child's clear, distinct voice, which the trembling woman heard very plainly.

"That is the way they went," she said, pointing down the street · "they'll be sure to be home in a few minutes, if you can wait; won't you please to walk up and sit down till they come?"

"Thank you," replied a very bland voice; "we'll wait here; it'll do just as well to see them here."

"Better," said another voice, equally mild.

Anna seemed anxious that the distinguished guests should not depart before the return of Mrs. Binney; she peered earnestly through the darkness in the direction they had gone, and in her eagerness to see them, she had advanced little by little, until unheard by Aunt Ally, she stood almost in front of her on the sidewalk. If the girl should look towards the hall, she could scarcely fail to discover them, for a dim light flickered in the passage sufficient to reveal the outline of the woman and child.

When Mrs. Binney perceived this new danger—it was too late to avoid it by retreat, for the sound of her steps would be sure to attract attention, and while she hesitated what to do, Anna turned suddenly around, and the surprised start which she gave, showed that she saw and recognized her mistress.

"Why, Mrs. *Binney!*" she exclaimed, in a loud voice, which caused both the strangers to turn suddenly towards her, expecting to see the woman so emphatically announced.

But as Anna spoke, she saw the upraised hand of Aunt Ally beckoning her off, she heard a warning sibilation from her lips, and saw the woman and child retreat behind the open door.

The visitors advanced instantly on hearing Anna's exclamation: but the quick-witted girl had turned suddenly away from the door, and, when they approached her, she was again looking down the street, nearly as much alarmed at the mysterious state of affairs as her employer.

"Where? Where is she?" asked the men in a breath.

"There! There! She just passed that corner; but she did not answer me when I called; she just began to run."

"Which way? Was the *boy* with her?"

The two questions were asked simultaneously by different voices, and Anna replied:

"Yes, they were together; and they went that way," pointing down a cross street which bounded Tenement Row on the south.

The men started in pursuit, but one of them stopped and called to the driver to follow them with the carriage, and then, like his companion, he quickly disappeared around the corner.

The street was a narrow one, and it was with some difficulty that the vehicle was turned around; but when, after much twisting and backing, and several narrow escapes from upsetting, this feat was accomplished, and Anna had the satisfaction of seeing it also disappear, she hastily informed her trembling mistress of its departure.

"They are all gone now!" she said. "Oh, ma'am, I am so sorry I spoke!"

Aunt Ally, who had heard what justified her wildest fears, and to whom the last few minutes of suspense had seemed an hour, carefully emerged from her hiding-place, nearly overcome with fright, yet holding Herbert tightly by the hand.

She looked out, and seeing no trace of the enemy, she did not stop to reply to the girl, but merely saying, "Come Herbert," she hurried forth, trying to run, but without strength sufficient to attain more than a fast walk.

They crossed the street diagonally, taking as nearly an opposite direction to that of their pursuers as possible; but just as they turned the first corner they heard the cry: "There they are! This way! quick!"

The fugitives, impelled to fresh exertions, darted forward, turned a second corner, and a third, without reference to the direction which they took, but only with a view to eluding pursuit.

The streets were nearly deserted, and although they heard now and then the distant spring of a watchman's rattle, they met no officer.

If they had done so, Mrs. Binney had resolved to tell her story and claim his protection, little imagining that her enemy was armed with process, or rather the semblance of process, in obedience to which the officer of the night would readily have given up the poor boy at her side.

The few people whom they met, offered no interruption; a woman and child hastening home, belated and frightened, were not objects to create suspicion; and as Aunt Ally, although nearly frantic, still preserved sufficient presence of mind to turn at every corner which she approached, yet always avoiding a retrograde course, she was very soon in a condition of comparative security.

Safe or not she was exhausted, and entering one of the ever open doorways which form the entrance to office stairs, the fugitives sat down on the lower step, and took breath, thanking Heaven for their escape thus far, and praying most heartily for continued protection.

In whispered words they conversed and consulted on their further progress, Herbert begging that they might go back to Mrs. Gale's; and Aunt Ally, who had already purposed the same course, very readily consenting. When they started out again, they resumed their very devious route, going through but a short section of any one street, but still preserving a course which constantly brought them nearer to the refuge they sought. Before they reached it, however, Mrs. Binney began to reflect on the probability of her flight in this direction being anticipated by her pursuers, and the danger that they might be there in advance of her, ready to intercept and seize the child. Whoever they were, they were evidently well posted in relation to Herbert's movements, since they were able to find him in so obscure a place as her abode.

This fear, in fact, was well founded; for Rook, finding himself foiled by the vigilant woman, had abandoned the chase through the darkened streets, returned to his carriage, and driven directly to the place, which, above all others, he supposed would be her most probable resort.

He had not, indeed, stopped with his carriage very near Mrs. Gale's house, for that would have been a beacon to warn the approaching fugitives off; but the vehicle was stationed close at hand, in another street, while Rook and his coadjutor wedded themselves to the trunks of a pair of trees, in front of the house, thoroughly shielded from observation by the sombre shadows which rested on them.

But when Aunt Ally was convinced of the necessity of acting upon this apprehension, she was in new distress.

She knew not where else to go, with her hunted deer, for although Mr. Lynde's name at once suggested itself to her, she did not know where he lived.

She ventured to seek and accost a policeman, in the hope that he might give her some information, but he replied gruffly that he knew nothing about it. How should he? Nothing daunted, she tried another, a good-natured man, who seemed to understand that it was his duty to give information and assistance to those who needed it.

He knew no more than the first, and yet he was able greatly to aid the wanderers.

"Do you know Mr. Lynde's Christian name?" he asked.

Aunt Ally did not, but Herbert said it was Seth. He was sure it was Seth.

"Very well, then. You see those blue and red lights yonder, in the next block. That's a druggist shop. They're open all night, you know; and you'll find a Directory there. You can read, I suppose?"

Aunt Ally smiled, and said, "Yes;" and after thanking their informant they passed on.

They obtained admittance, and to their great delight they found the Directory and the name, with little difficulty.

The distance to Mr. Lynde's residence proved to be considerable; and although they could ride a part of the way, the walk would still be a very long one. But undiscouraged by this circumstance, although very weak and tired, Aunt Ally started forward with fresh hope on her journey, never for an instant relinquishing her hold upon the hand of her beloved little friend.

She needed to be vigilant, for she had a vigilant enemy, bold, subtle and persevering, and one who was not easily baffled.

Rook did not tarry long at Mrs. Gale's; he knew that the frightened woman would travel at no moderate pace, and when a sufficient time had elapsed for her arrival, and she did not come, he resolved to seek her in other quarters. He could return here if necessary at a later hour, for here, as at Mrs. Binney's, there was no man to question or dispute his bold assumption of power; but if, as he thought possible, she had gone to Mr. Lynde's, he determined to intercept her before she could reach a sanctuary, which once gained, he feared might prove inviolable.

Since it was evident that she was not coming to Mrs. Gale's, as he had expected, he hoped rather than feared that she was on her way to the young lawyer's house, for the distance was so great he was confident he could overtake the fugitives before they had traversed it, notwithstanding the considerable start which they had obtained by his mistake.

Announcing his determination to the *soi-disant* officer, they hastened to the carriage, gave the requisite directions to its driver, and drove off, through by-streets, at a speed which attracted the attention of many an astonished pedestrian, which summoned many a wondering observer to street doors and windows, and which in a district of more than usually vigilant watchmen, aroused a vigorous but futile pursuit.

CHAPTER XXX.

Mr. Rook had not made allowance for the vigilance and energy of that deathless affection which inspired the pale, patient widow, as with her loved boy at her side she hurried on pantingly through the darkened streets, stopping at each corner to listen, watching for all unusual sights and sounds, and breathing forth an almost unintermitted prayer to Heaven for protection.

Aunt Ally reached the lawyer's residence in safety, but even while she stood upon the steps of his house, studying out the number upon the door, as indistinctly revealed by the street lamps, and comparing it with the paper upon which his address was written, she heard the rumbling of a carriage, which had turned into the street at the distance of a few blocks, and was dashing furiously onward, each second seeming fearfully to diminish its distance.

When she had made certain of the house, she sprang towards the bell-knob, and pulled it rapidly and violently without intermission, looking back meanwhile with terror inexpressible at the approaching carriage, and bidding Herbert stand between her and the door.

Nearer came the swift foe; she hears the call from within the rattling coach, "Faster! Faster!" she hears the cracking thong—the panting horses; and she sees with failing heart the flashing sparks, struck by flying hoofs from the spurned pavement!

The carriage door was thrown open as it drew near the house, ready for the instantaneous alighting of its inmates when it should stop; already the agonized woman saw in imagination the form of her dear boy dragged within the dreadful vehicle, and whisked magic-like from her sight, when, oh hope! oh joy unspeakable! the sound of quick steps comes from within—they hasten along the hall! Still looking backwards, and catching glimpses now of dark figures leaping from the carriage, she hears the turning of keys and the sliding of bolts within, and pushing Herbert before her, she crowds through the yielding door—closes—locks it with her own hands, and sinks senseless upon the floor.

The time, which had seemed so long to the terrified woman since first she touched the door bell, had really been less than a minute. It was not quite eleven o'clock, and Seth, who was reading in his room, had descended almost at the first sound of the extraordinary summons, staying only to strike a light in the upper hall as he passed through.

His amazement at the scene before him may be easily imagined, and his greater wonder at the renewed loud ringing and heavy rapping on the door which instantly followed.

Shouting for some one to come and attend to the swooned woman, he turned to the boy with the inquiry:

"What—what does it all mean, Herbert? Who is in pursuit of you?"

Without heeding the question, the child knelt, crying, at Aunt Ally's side, caught hold of her hand, and begged her to speak to him.

"Oh, sir, she is dying!" he exclaimed; "won't you do something for her?"

"She has only fainted, Herbert. Don't be alarmed. There comes help for her now, and see she already begins to revive. Tell me, who are these people outside?"

A continued ringing and rapping was going on, mingled with authoritative calls "in the name of the people;" for the foiled Rook, bold and reckless, did not even yet abandon his daring enterprise. He hoped to find only servants in the hall, from whom, by prompt measures, he might yet snatch his victim, or if otherwise, he did not quite despair of success even with Seth.

Herbert answered hurriedly:

"I don't know, sir. *She* thinks they want to carry me off—and kill me, perhaps—I—I don't know; but they came down to Aunt Ally's house and tried to get me, and we ran away, and they have followed us here."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Seth, with flashing eyes, while his form seemed to dilate and tower, and his compressed lips spoke some strong determination. "Quick! take this woman and child upstairs, and bring me the six-shooter from my mantel. Thanks to the burglars of last year, we are not unprepared."

"Read the warrant to them, and then break in!" said a loud voice on the outside, which was followed by a rapid recitation of legal phrases.

Seth heard the familiar formula, "The people of the State of New York, by the grace of God free and independent," and he began to wonder whether it could be possible that there were officers of the law in pursuit of Herbert. A moment's reflection convinced him of the extreme improbability of this, and having received his weapon, he stept into the parlor, and slightly opening a window, he said:

"Now then, my men, will you please to tell me what you want?"

"We want a boy named Edward Weldover," replied Rook, who, although disguised, kept a little in the back ground; "if you have listened to the warrant which was just read, you must have learned."

"What is he charged with?"

"Larceny."

"Do you mean to say you have a warrant for larceny against a boy ten years old, and that you have come out this time of night to execute it?"

"It's a grave offence, sir, in which several are implicated; the boy, of course, is only an accessory, and he is wanted chiefly as a witness; but have him we must *and will.*"

Seth displayed his weapon, as if by accident, as he replied:

"Let me see the warrant."

"Don't *give* it to him," said Rook quickly to the assumed officer, who was advancing toward the window. "Hold it up and let him see it. He might destroy it, you know."

More than ever convinced that the process was forged, Mr. Lynde said:

"If you wish me to obey this writ, you must let me see it. I cannot read it at that distance. Do you think that I, a member of the bar, would dare to destroy a warrant issued by the very courts in which I practice?"

"Don't know, but you can't have the paper, and you can't have it within snatching distance," replied Rook, who knew full well that Seth could not fail to discover that the process was not genuine, if he took it into his hands. "The only question," he continued, in a tone of great bravado, "is, whether you are going to open the door, or whether we shall do it for you?"

"Neither, I think," replied Lynde calmly; "if you have any legal process against the boy who has sought shelter in my house, I will be answerable for his appearance to-morrow before any court; but if you enter by violence I will treat you as burglars, without the least scruple."

Having said this, he closed the window, examined his weapon, and awaited results.

His frightened sisters and Mrs. Binney stood trembling upon the first landing, while the mother remained in the room with her invalid husband, who although greatly excited, was unable to come to Seth's assistance.

"Don't shoot them, my son!" he called out, as some loud demonstrations were made against the door.

"I most assuredly *shall* shoot the first man who crosses the threshold—and the second," replied Seth, in no vaunting tone, yet in a voice loud enough to be heard by both friends and foes; "they have fair warning."

"Call the police from the upper windows," said the father, "it should have been thought of before."

"It will do no good," said Seth, "if there were any watchmen within hearing distance who were disposed to do their duty, they would have been here before this."

"But pray don't shoot them, Seth," repeated the father, who had dragged himself to the landing and now spoke in a softer tone.

"Would you have me give up the boy, father?" asked Seth.

"Why no—not give him up of course—if—if we can prevent it—but don't let us have any body killed."

For an instant Seth contemplated the possibility of Herbert being carried off, and the sense of ignominy with which he should be compelled to announce to the wretched Evelyn, that her brother had been taken from under his own roof by violent hands. As the image of the weeping girl rose to his mind, he answered:

"Father! Heaven has thrown this child on my protection, and I will surely defend him with my life. Go—go to your room; you are not fit to witness scenes of strife—and nothing can alter my determination."

The noisy attack had meanwhile suddenly subsided.

"I guess they are going," said Aunt Ally.

"Very likely it has been only an attempt to frighten us into giving up the boy. I am certain they are utterly without authority, or it would have been freely exhibited."

"Who can they be?" asked one.

"Rather, who has employed them?" said Seth. "I should not like to say who I believe are the instigators of so diabolical a plot."

"I do believe they are gone."

"No, I hear them talking; but I have no doubt they will soon go."

The young man had underrated the hardihood and resolution of his foe, who was accustomed to boast that he always succeeded in what he undertook, and who was sure that success in the present scheme was of vast importance to his employers.

Rook contemplated obtaining an entrance in an unexpected quarter, while keeping Seth's attention engaged by feigned attacks upon the door—and thus coming suddenly upon and disarming the young man before he could use his weapon. Already his plans were nearly accomplished, and there was a renewed shaking of the door, when a jingling of glass was heard from the parlor.

"The window! The window!" screamed Aunt Ally. "They are coming through the window."

In fact, one of the men had been engaged for some minutes in carefully removing a pane of glass immediately above the fastening which locked the sashes together; but, despite his utmost precautions, a portion of the broken glass had fallen to the floor.

Seth leaped into the parlor at the instant that one of the ruffians, with his hand protruded through the opening, was pulling back the sliding bolt from the sash. Without a breath of hesitation he sprang to the window, and placed his six-mouthed weapon within as many inches of the face of the burglar, who dropped as instantaneously to the floor as if he had really received the ball which, in another instant, would have pierced his brain.

"He's in earnest, and he's got a regular six-shooter!" the man was heard to mutter, as, crawling from his dangerous position, he rejoined his confederate by the door. "I guess we'll have to give it up."

An oath, fierce and denunciatory, was growled forth in reply, and the discomfited assailants hastily withdrew.

As their carriage was heard to roll away, Seth, greatly relieved, and unspeakably thankful that he had not been obliged to take life, rejoined his family, who were decidedly proud of his prowess, and who made quite a hero of him.

Aunt Ally could not sufficiently express her admiration, nor her gratitude; and the little party discussed the exciting adventure until a late hour of the night.

Seth had no longer any hesitation in deciding that Herbert must at once become a member of his own family, and Mrs. Binney, though bitterly mourning the downfall of her long-cherished hopes, could not hesitate to consent to so prudent an arrangement.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

EYES.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

If Juno is the goddess of all orbs of vision—(the "ox-eyed" Juno,)—and if she has a star, I am very sure I must have been born under it. I have but two hobbies that I am aware of: one is a handsome dog or horse, and the other a handsome pair of eyes, and between the two, I have come to grief "enow" in my time. Indeed, from the moment when I attained to years of discretion, (as they are most ridiculously called,) my troubles from the latter have been enough to move a heart of stone—nor do I see much prospect of their ceasing—at least till I get a gray hair or two in my brown locks to sober me.

There is a world of meaning in an eye. I do not, by any means, assert that this is an original remark, only that it is the quintescent cream of my large experience during the last eight years, reduced into one pithy maxim. The very Rev. Father Faber says in one of his books, that "there is something in every eye that warns you not to trust it infinitely," and agreeing with him here, I also add that there is always something which warns you not to trust it *at all*. Unconsciously, it may be, but still most plainly, and we should escape many an aching heart, if we attended to the message a little more. Faithlessness, then, inherent, though often unknown, is the great characteristic of the human eye—it is only in the mild, loving orb of the dog or the horse that we find that peculiar look absent, and why *should* the port be guarded, when no treachery is there?

There are five kinds of eyes worth noticing—the blue, the black, the brown, the gray, and the green. And first, by right and by beauty—the blue!

It is a dangerous topic for me. The eyes which borrow their tint from the summer sky—what eyes they are! How they dazzle and bewilder—how they melt and soften—how they flash in scorn and swim in tears, till one's heart is scarcely worth a moment's purchase, even for a housewife's sieve! The large, light blue eye, with the golden eyelash and the faintly-traced brow—the type of heavenly purity and peace—a nun should have such eyes, and I am sure St. Agnes and St. Lucy had; the smaller orb of darkest, deepest blue, with its arch, sidelong glance. And such were Annie Laurie's, and another Annie's that *I* knew—the calm, sad, blue eye that thrills one's heart with a single glance, and the well-opened one that flashes upon you with a glorious light—with a smile that makes your head whirl, and a meaning that you never forget—oh, blue eyes! blue eyes! that have looked upon me here and there, that have stirred my heart and haunted my dreams for ten long years—that have shone upon me in the summer sky at noon, and the winter sky at night—that have looked up from every page I have written, and almost from every page I have read—your witchery will never be forgotten till I lie low, with the green sod for my pillow and my shroud!

And black. There are four kinds of these also: the small, brilliant, hard eye like a bead, that one might crack like a cherry-stone between his teeth—the gloomy cavern with a fire smoldering in its farthest depths—the soft, swimming, sleepy orb, and another, large, well-shaped and firmly set—solemn as the hush of midnight, still as a mountain lake, yet full of passion, full of thought, and intellect, and feeling, that rise in a storm till the quiet surface glows again—an eye that has no need of words—that never smiles, but knows the warmth of tears—an eye that goes straight to the heart with a single glance, and never leaves it more—an eye that does not intoxicate like the blue, but draws you steadily and surely on, and touches chords in your heart which have been untouched before, and can never wake for a lesser power again.

The first may be the eye of a vain beauty and belle. Eugene Aram, I fancy, had the second, and many an inmate of Bedlam has it now. The third languishes in the harem of the Turk; and the fourth—it is well that it is not a common one, or we should all be worse off than we are now. It is the most beautiful, and also the most dangerous of all. For the blue eye launches a score of arrows, whose wounds may one day heal; but this has only one, and if it hit the mark—heaven help you! the poisoned shaft will linger in your heart forever. But once have I seen those eyes, or met that glance, and then they took my breath away. But a cowl fell over them the next moment—they were lost to me on earth; but I shall know them again—oh, I am sure of that, if they ever beam on me in Heaven!

Brown eyes are often wrongly called hazel, for lack of a better name. And some hazel things. Dickens gave them to his Uriah Heep, eyes, every one knows, are most uncomfortable when he wanted to finish the picture. They have a deep red flicker, that means mischief; and they are shallow, withal. Once I saw a handsome pair, with the red glow, yet with a softness that made them look like velvet, as they glanced shyly out from under their long lashes. But these are a class by themselves, and should not be confounded with the brown, which have a softness and a beauty peculiarly their own. Some are eager, quick and merry—they generally go with light hair, and fair, fresh complexions, and their laughing brightness, their frank glances, are as different from the irritable look of the hazel as light from darkness. Others, strangely enough, have a reddish glow, or rather an auburn light, that gives them a peculiar charm, especially if, as I have often seen, the hair matches, shade for shade. Others, of a more decided brown, go with black hair and a dark complexion, pale or brilliant, as the case may be; and were I "Cœlebs in search of a wife," I should take care she had such eyes as these. And others still are large and soft, with a starry light within—a twilight radiance, rather—that only need the curling hair, and the pale, gentle face—the dainty form, and the tender, womanly heart—to complete the charm. I declare, when I look into such eyes, I think only of moonlight, and woodland brooks, and "violets by a mossy bank,"—the years drop from me like a cloak, and I sit once more on the floor in the old parlor at Lempster: the moon shines through the painted curtains, and your eyes are upon me, Helen, and your hand in mine, as we talk in the lowest of voices,—while Lucia walks with your mother, Fred and Jip, in the flower garden outside, and Morrill plays the songs we liked to hear. Ah, many a pleasant memory have I, by land or sea, in connection with your dear brown eyes!

"Place aux Dames!" For the gray eye is peculiarly the eye of woman. And here we meet with a variety enough to puzzle Solomon himself. We will pass over in silence the sharp, the shrewish, the spiteful, the cold, and the wild gray eye; every one has seen them—too often, perhaps—I am sure I have. There are some that belong only to the gallows; there are others of which any honest brute would be thoroughly ashamed. But then, again, there are some beautiful enough to drive one wild, and it is only them which I mean. There is the dark, sleepy, almond-shaped gray eye, with long black lashes—it goes with the rarest face on earth—that Sultana-like beauty of jet black hair, and a complexion that is neither dark nor fair—almost a cream color, if the truth must be told—and soft and rich as the leaf of the calla Ethiopia itself. Perhaps it is the Creole face and form. I don't know; but I do know that I always think of magnolia trees and lotus flowers when I recall it. The only two beautiful women I ever saw had such faces and such eyes; they were Americans, and I doubt if it was possible for them to have been anything else. Europe, I am sure, could never produce anything of the kind. And it is worthy of remark, also, that this style is strictly confined to my own sex. Mother Nature shows a little good sense in this respect, and does not waste such glorious workmanship where it would stand a fair chance of being degraded, not to say utterly ruined and lost.

Directly opposed to this is the calm, clear gray eye—the eye that reasons, when this only feels. It looks you quietly in the face; it views you kindly, but, alas, dispassionately; passion rarely lights it, and love takes the steady blaze of friendship, when he tries to hide within. The owner of that eye is upright, conscientious and God-fearing, pitying his fellow men, even while at a loss to understand their vagaries. I have often wondered if the good Samaritan was not such a man. It is the eye for a kind and considerate physician, for a conscientious lawyer, (if such a man there be,) for a worthy village pastor, for a friend, as faithful as any poor human being can be; but I should rather meet some other in a lover or a husband, if I had my choice. It is the eye for a Joan of Arc, a Florence Nightingale, a Grace Darling, but the fairy of a household hearth would wear another guise.

Last of the gray eyes comes the most mischievous; a soft eye, with a large pupil, that contracts and dilates with a word, a thought, or a flash of feeling; an eye that laughs, that sighs almost, if I may use such a term, that has its sunshine, its twilight, its moonbeams, and its storms; a wonderful eye, that wins you whether you will or not, and holds you even after it has cast you off. No matter whether the face be fair or not—no matter if features are irregular and complexion varying, the eye holds you captive, and then laughs at your very chains. It is easy enough to account for the witchery of Mary, Queen of Scots. I have heard that her eyes were gray, and you may be sure they were like these. So, I have no doubt, were Lucretia Borgia's; so were those of Ninon de L'Enclos. Many another woman has such orbs; perhaps she uses them more innocently and legitimately—but the effect is very much the same; and if people choose to face the danger they must take the consequences. Heaven knows, I have no very high opinion of the lords of creation; and *young* men, I confess, I hate worse than anything else on earth, (except young women,) yet one piece of advice will I give them in all sincerity: Never marry a woman who has these eyes, they were never made, be sure, to serve only as lamps for a domestic hearth. Verbum sap.

And green eyes; what can be said of them. Much, but for this last short page, which warns me to be brief. I have seen some like cat's eyes, yet the majority are very handsome, I assure you. I have met with some floating in a lambent light—large, dreamy, pensive, and yet really green—though they were such as the soul of Keats, and especially of Coleridge might have looked out of. They are not bewildering like the blue, nor dangerous like the black, neither affectionate as the brown, nor passionate as the gray; but they are the eyes for a visionary poet, whose soul has little to do with earth, and loves the land of memory and imagination better; they would do, in the present day, for Mrs. Browning, and I can fancy them, to go very far back, in Psyche's face.

So much for what we see with. I do not know how it may be with others, but if I wanted to flirt, I should choose some one with the glorious eye of flashing blue; my friend's eye (male or female) should be the twilight brown; my husband's blue also, but calm and sad, and *unapt to wander;* my doctor's, a clear and steady gray; but if to the calm joys of domestic life, I preferred a lonely destiny and the sting of a love, deep, fervent and passionate, yet forever shadowed, and forever in vain, why then I would dare the glance of such dark eyes as looked upon me once—looked upon me—passed away, yet will never either forget or be forgotten.

WHILE the sovereignty of religion and patriotism is acknowledged, men in general feel within them that straining tendency to higher and more glorious spheres which seems to connect the human mind with a central intelligence, as gravitation seems to connect the earth with that shining orb around which it performs it revolutions.

OH! WHERE ART THOU!

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

The birds have gone to rest, love,
The moon is gleaming bright;
The silvery stars are glistening
Upon the brow of night;
The summer's gentle zephyrs
Are playing round my brow;
The streamlet still is gushing,
But where, oh, where art thou?

One year ago to-day, love,
And thou wert by my side;
Thy hand was clasped in mine, love,
Thou wert my life, my pride;
The stars were shining brightly,
As they are shining now;
They have not changed in splendor,
But where, oh where art thou?

I miss thee in the Spring time,
In summer, too, I feel
A sadness from thy absence
Soft o'er my bosom steal;
In Autumn, too, and Winter,
My heart is sad as now;
All joys have from me vanished,
For where, oh where art thou?

◆

THE ONE ERROR.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

CHAPTER VII.

A MOURNFUL HISTORY.

Two years had passed. A group stood at the cottage door of Dame Rullocks; just as in past times they had often stood there, in bright summer and golden autumn evenings.

But one was gone, who had many a time so stood, and the dame, beside deeper furrows and a paler cheek, wore a widow's cap.

At her side stood the young woman we have known as Meg Stratton; she was Tom Rullocks' wife of a year past.

Patty, the dame's handsome daughter, stood just within the door, an infant of some months in her arms; a small urchin just beginning to walk clinging to her gown.

The dame was speaking, but she had hardly finished before her impetuous daughter broke in—

"Well, mother, I can't see it. I am as fond of Nelly Franklen as any of you; though of course, living away in town, I couldn't do for her and that, as you and the rest did. But I can't see it. It's like a flying in the face of Providence, I call it—shutting herself up, and moaning and pining away to a ghost, and making that poor child no better."

"Nay, Patty, I think she's cheerful enough with Ida," said Meg, gently. "I found her the other evening singing to her as she lay on her lap, and the dear little thing imitating of her, in her own sweet quiet way, they didn't seem pining."

"Well, what do she sing, when all's done? just hymns and such like: it's all very well in church and Sundays, but there's a time for everything, and everything in its place, as my good old missis used to say"

"Ah! Patty, my child," said the good dame, "you don't know what it is to have a sore heart—yes, yes, I know, my girl, you loved your poor old father, but child, even that loss is not like hers, poor lass! You've a good husband, God be thanked, Patty, and one that lets you want for nothing: you can't understand what it is."

"And so sudden, too, as it was!" said quiet Meg.

"It was strange," she added, after a pause, "that we never made out who the boy was, mother, that brought that dreadful note."

"Well, Meg, I've always believed that it was a strange lad, belonging to some of the foreign craft maybe, that put into the harbor yonder that night; and had come to the Peep-o'-Day. You know child that poor Franklen was down there, they said; and that he drank hard and seemed badly. It has always been in my mind that he wur the worse for the liquor afore ever he come to write that way. Ah! poor thing, poor lass! she may well have a heavy heart, Martha, and it's a warning to us all."

"Well, mother," the daughter replied, in somewhat humbler tones, for her conscience appropriated the implied admonition (Patty's tongue was none of the gentlest, though she made a thrifty and true wife), "I don't mean to say anything hard, goodness knows, of the poor thing; but does it do any good after all? and you know yourself she's half killing herself, slaving and toiling to keep to that place, when she might have one at half the price, and do just as well."

"Poor thing! she won't keep it over her head, work as she may," said Meg.

"No," said Dame Rullocks, sadly, "since the place has become like fashionable, the rent has been raised of all down along yonder, and when the new houses they're building are finished, it'll be worse still."

"How *does* she manage at all?" asked Patty.

"She works day and night, I believe," said Meg; "many a time before daybreak Tom says he's seen a light in her window. She does a deal of work for the shops in town, you know, Patty, the men's things, and then she knits and nets, too, so fast and well; the best she gets is the ladies' work, baby things and that."

"Hard enough it must be."

"Aye, Patty, child, you would not have much heart, in such like straits, to sing a love song or hum a jig."

Patty was silent, it is *so* difficult for the prosperous and happy to sympathize with the opposite state.

"I don't myself say it's over-wise in Nelly Franklen keeping on there, but, poor child, I can just feel for her Having nothing, as you may say to look to in this world but her child, she just clings to the old place where she was as happy as the day is long, poor dear. It's hard to know what to say· but I'm fearful she can't keep it on long—her little girl's illness was a great drawback to her The poor babe would lay nowhere but in her arms, and not a stitch could she do, let alone the expense of doctor's stuff. But she seemed to think nothing of that, only so that it was saved."

"Poor thing!" and Patty pressed her's to her bosom. She dwelt at a considerable distance inland, and was but on a visit to her mother, who lived with her married son and his wife in the old home cot.

"You see," continued Meg, "Nelly is so independent; if any one does help her a turn, she rests neither night nor day till she's paid it off—so it's as broad as long. Tom sent her in half of the good things that Dan sent us in the hamper. We thought she wouldn't know who it came from, but she found out, and she set to and knitted him a whole set o' socks——"

"Hark!" exclaimed Patty, interrupting her.

The sound of a voice singing the evening hymn came floating up on the still evening air, from below. There was nothing remarkable in the performance; the tones were clear and sweet, but plaintive, and without any effort at intonation or expression; but amid the surroundings, at that hour, it was very precious to the senses. Even the women did not speak till it had ceased.

"It is her," said Meg; "they always go down the beach as far as the Chine of evenings when its fine. It's the little thing's fancy for her to sing. I don't think poor Nelly would, of her own will, ever lift up her voice even that much; but the poor mite begs for it so hard, it's the funniest thing you ever heard."

"Ay, that child's been God's own gift to her, afflicted as it is, poor innocent!" said the dame.

"Did she never?" Patty began, when the sound of voices approaching caused her to stop.

Up the broadest pathway that led from the beach, across the downs towards the Rullocks' cottage, came the young widow and her child.

The mother had carried her little girl up the ascent, but the moment the top was reached it evidently begged to be set down, and ran towards Meg, who advanced to meet them.

Nelly came with her up to the cottage door, and was greeted affectionately by the others; but they did not ask her in, nor invite her to share the meal then preparing. It had been done so often, and so invariably declined, that it had ceased to be repeated.

"Your eyes look tired, my child," said the dame; "you work too hard by candle-light—you *should* give yourself some rest."

"I rest all to-morrow," said the widow, in a low voice, which was strange at first to those who had known Nelly Hartsom, but had long ceased to be so.

"Sunday; yes, of course, so we all do," said Patty, quickly.

"I shall come and see you to-morrow, mind," said gentle Meg.

Nelly thanked her, and said she would be glad; but no change of the countenance marked any one topic on which they touched, as she stood and talked.

She had kissed the dame as she would a mother, and little Ida had stolen to the knee of the old woman, and stood holding her hand and looking inquiringly up into the face of Patty, who was a stranger to her.

Mother and child were dressed in deep mourning of the cheapest material, but made and put on with taste and neatness.

In that brief time what a change had come upon her—once the beauty of Sandcombe village!

Her face was of a changeless, unvaried pallor; her large eyes seemed larger from that contrast, and their fixed and solemn look, gazing, as it were, into space, and the dark shadows under them, gave signs of long and painful vigils and solitary weeping.

Her hair, of which the pretty girl had been so proud, was drawn back under the widow's cap she still wore, and the black shawl, thrown hoodwise over her head, added to the strange, unworldly look she wore.

The child, tall of her age, and unusually forward on its feet and in speech, had its mother's eyes, with all their former beauty, but not the sprightly glance nor arch attractions which in children are so winning. The shadow of the great stroke which had sent the poor babe full soon upon the world, still rested on her, and little Ida would be passed by in the crowd as a dull and unprepossessing child.

"What does she say?" asked Patty, when the little girl, unmindful of the advances made by the other child, had timidly approached her, and touching her hand, lisped out some infantine request.

"She is asking you to sing," said Nelly, without a change of voice or countenance. "She always does to any one she sees for the first time."

Mother as she was, Patty was somewhat taken aback by this odd request, and at a loss how to reply; but Meg, more accustomed, lifted the child in her arms.

"Shall I sing to Idy? I can't sing like mammy, but I'll sing about the robin—shall I?"

The child clapped its little hands, and a faint blush stole out upon its cheek. Evidently the robin was an old favorite.

The song was sung, Nelly the while looking on gratefully at the good-hearted performer. The child sat rapt in silence, evidently drinking in the sounds; its head half turned aside, one small arm laid round the singer's neck. There was no need to bid her thank the good friend when the song was ended. The kisses on the lips of the kind woman came from the affectionate little heart, then she was set lightly on the ground, and ran to her mother, neither repeating her request to Patty, nor noticing the child which clutched at her curls as she passed. With quiet thanks for some kind service her good neighbors had rendered, Nelly took her leave, and went slowly away down the winding path among the rocks which led towards her home.

"Aye, how sorely she is changed!" exclaimed Patty, as they disappeared from sight. "Think of that being merry Nelly Hartsom!"

"But she's very beautiful still," said Meg.

"Ugh! I don't know; she made me shiver like being nigh a graveyard—and that poor child! how awful! did you notice?"

"Yes—mother, did you see? just coming as it was last year this time."

"Aye, it be a mystery, *surely*; it wants but five days to the child's birthday."

"And it's two years since he was lost?" asked Patty.

"Yes, to-morrow."

"Well," said Patty, "it seems a pity she couldn't have settled again, and made herself and that poor child a comfortable home. It would have been better than pining their lives out yonder all alone."

The dame sighed. "Aye, I wish she could ha' fancied my lad, poor Dan! he was right set upon her, and she'd have made him a good wife, and he would have stayed among us; but the Lord's will must be done!"

"She'll never marry now, I suppose?" said Patty.

"Nelly isn't the girl to take a man for his money, or there's one, if I'm not mistaken, has been long set on having her, and would make a lady of her, and not a bad man, neither."

"Him that lives down at Deepgang?" said Patty. "What is his name?"

"Meghorn."

"Ah, yes! if she refused our Dan, she wouldn't surely take up with that dark, stern-looking fellow."

The dame shook her head. "One mustn't judge by looks, Patty; Saul Meghorn did the part of a Christian man by them poor souls as run upon the Shark's teeth last fall, and when the brig went to pieces on the rocks under the fog bank—when the signals were blown over—you mind it, Meg—he went off himself to help them; aye, he be a good Christian man!"

"It's a pity Christ'n men can't look it," responded her daughter.

"Mother, the dew is falling; shall we go in now?" said Meg.

CHAPTER VIII.

A GALLANT WOOER.

The weeks passed. Spring deepened into summer.

Good Dame Rullocks had become the grandmother of a young Tom, and her time was now fully occupied with the cares so congenial to her kindly nature. She had small leisure now to think much of the occupants of the solitary cottage, and, indeed, the mysterious loss of the husband of Nelly, and the no less mystery of her child's affliction, had grown to be old gossip now; more recent topics had taken their place and the widow went her solitary way, little heeded, apparently, by any.

On the fine summer evenings she might be seen taking her way to the beach, often along the sheltered path we have spoken of, which led to the Chine· in uncertain weather, somewhat nearer home; and taking her seat in some sheltered nook, or dry sand hillock, with her ever busy fingers employed on weary seam or mazy net-work, she would work on indefatigably till the waning light forced her to desist. Now and again she would, in answer to the petitioning of little Ida, lift up her voice in some sweet strain, always of the solemn kind to which Patty had so irreverently objected.

Kneeling at her mother's feet, her one hand resting on her lap, the child would listen, breathless, till the last note passed away; then, with the never-failing kiss of payment, would again stray off to pick the shells and pebbles from the beach; or, with wonderful dexterity, climbing from jutting point to point, till above her mother's head, she would, in her childish way, proclaim her triumph, and laughing gently at Mrs. Franklen's affected alarm, make a hasty descent, to throw herself into her arms, and show that she was safe.

These were poor Nelly's sole moments of relaxation from a life of hard toil, and stern, self-denying endurance. So they sat one evening when the sun had set, and the shadows were lengthening along the beach.

The widow had laid down, after a last vain attempt to thread her needle once more, the fine piece of work on which she was employed, and sat looking far out, as if with her earnest gaze she would pierce the curtain of sunset and sea beyond, and what next.

Little Ida sat some little way further down the beach, her lap filled with the treasures she had collected; and on a piece of cotton was busily threading such of them as possessed the necessary property of a hole. Suddenly she sprung up, the scattered wealth of the sea-shore flew far and wide, and with a cry, unusual, indeed, for the quiet child, a shout almost, of "Huna! Huna!" she flew up the beach towards the Chine, whence an enormous, shaggy, dun Newfoundland dog came leaping, with apparently equal joy, to meet her.

The greeting was vociferous and energetic. The shaggy brute, in all his wild demonstrations, seemed mindful of his companion's weakness, and carefully avoided knocking her down, as by one touch of his paw must else have been inevitable; and the little girl, while she hugged her brute friend by one arm tightly round his neck, refrained from quite choking him, as she lavished caresses on his huge head, and in her dialect (doubtless intelligible to the animal), called him by a thousand endearing names, and inquired where he had been "so lon' away?"

The widow had started to her feet, and was looking with anxiety around, along the beach and to the cliffs above.

To her the appearance of the animal was evidently the precursor of a presence less welcome than was that of shaggy Huna to little Ida.

But no one was in sight, and though she looked towards the couple disporting themselves along the beach, as with the intention of calling back her child, she apparently changed her mind, and again seating herself, was falling into her old musing attitude, when a footstep crushed the sands beside her, and from a jutting cliff, down which the pathway wound, Saul Meghorn stood before her.

She glanced hastily around, as for some chance yet to escape, but her little girl was at some distance; she could not have recalled her in time to avoid leaving him; and quick as light came the thoughts which prompted her, with forced calmness, to remain, and standing, to listen, as he spoke.

"At last, then, you will hear me, and answer."

He spoke hurriedly, and with his hat in his hand, as he had removed it before she saw him, even before he turned the rock whence, ere descending, he had marked the little group.

It was the first time—we know since when—she had heard his voice; though she had seen him, and by other means had been made aware of his existence near her, and its object. The throng of memories that the voice awoke suddenly to life, held her some moments silent, but it was with a calmer voice than his that she answered:

"What can my answer be? I can have but one answer to any man who asks that: I shall never be any man's wife in this world, while I live—*never*, and least——"

He interrupted her:

"Do not say it! least of all mine, you would have said; but *why?* Mrs. Franklen, (he gave her a title seldom used to those of her station and in those parts,) I would not speak of the past: if I made a mistake then, if all was but girlish frolic, of which I made too much—at least do me justice; I took no advantage of it, I held aloof from the way of your married life, though God knows how bitter it was to me to know it. Circumstances compelled me to remain in the neighborhood, but if you heard of me, it was at least in no way unworthily, or to make you regret you had ever known me as other than a neighbor."

"It was a wicked, cruel folly," she said, coldly; "but *I* was to blame, *I* was wrong—yes, and God knows I have been punished heavily. But for that, only that foolish trifling as it was in me, I know, no worse was in me at the time—but it came from that, all my trouble—but for that he would have been with me now; my husband——" The words died in her throat, and she stopped, but no change came in the fixed, pale features. "You know, you must have heard—all the village could tell what was in that dreadful letter, the last words he wrote. *I* never forget them, night nor day—'I know all your deceit and falseness.' God knows *you* know what was the *all*, and how far it went, and how little the truth came to." Again she stopped.

"Do not speak of it now," he said, hastily; "it was a sad mistake—the tongues of gossips magnify these things."

"If I had but told him! if I had but told him all at first!" she said, bitterly, but never raising her voice above its chill, even tones—"this is what I say to myself night and day, night and day—all would have been well; even my foolish tongue and hasty words would not have wrought him to madness. She paused, then yet more coldly added—

"And this is why I say that least of all can I bear to think of you. I say to myself—but for him, but for *him*——"

"Yet I did not——"

"No, no, I know it, *you* were not to blame," said the woman, a shade of softness mitigating her harsh tone; "no, and I am, maybe, unjust that I cannot bear even that my child should be thankful to you, that I cannot accept even as from a friend."

"Yes; why will you be so cruel to yourself? why drudge as you do by night, I know, to send back money?"

"Ah! I knew it *was* you," she said, half turning her head towards him, for as yet her gaze had never wandered from the open sea before them. "I knew it could be none of my poorer friends. God knows I would never have let it be—would rather have died; but to keep that roof over my head and hers—the home *he* took me to. I could not leave it; and when the man came and told me it was paid, well, I knew it must be."

"And why bring back the money in portions to my house; *I* do not need it. Why deny me the pleasure of serving you, even as a neighbor, knowing of your trials and toil? See, now," and he made a step nearer, she moved two away from him—"let the past be past; forget you ever knew me, till wandering about the world, a solitary man, I met you and your child, and heard your history, and learned to love you both."

She uttered an exclamation, and lifting her hands hurriedly, with the old gesture of clasping one wrist, let them drop, and again moved a step away.

"Your child——" he began.

"Yes, yes, she has told me; she has come full of her prattle of how kind you were, and it pained me to have to——" She stopped, suddenly looking round, for the child and dog had disappeared.

"Where is she?" exclaimed the mother, and she again looked wildly round, uncertain which way to start in search, when the faint cry of a baby voice fell upon their ears, and they simultaneously turned their eyes upward.

Far above their heads, dwindling into the gray twilight, save where a faint reflection from the horizon touched its beetle brow with gold, loomed the peak of Deepgang cliff out beyond the face of rock beneath.

And there, poised like a cherub about to take wing, stood the child. She, fearless, and led on by her four-footed playmate, had clambered, toying from spray to spray and height to height of the Chine; thence, seeking possibly a sight of her mother, had arrived at the edge of the precipice, whence but a step forward, an inclination of the body, a caress even of the rough brute at her side, must send her hurling to their feet, a lacerated and bleeding corpse.

One glance upward, and Nelly, without a word or cry, buried her face in her hands. Rescue and hope seemed out of question. The child was evidently terrified at her position, and extending her little hands seemed about to spring forward, while Huna stood patiently at her side, and detecting his master below, doubtless was whining impatient of return, and only awaited the pleasure of his playmate.

From the mother's heart a prayer went out for the soul of her soul, whom she felt was lost to life; half insensible, she tottered forward to make some effort, she knew not what.

But quick as thought, which showed him the only chance, was the action of the strong man. He gently thrust the mother out of sight behind the jutting rock, as with stentorian voice he hailed the brute, and in few words was understood.

Sagacious Huna gripped gently in his teeth the little dress, and gradually drew her back from the edge of the rock. Ida, losing sight of her mother, would expect her to appear by the path behind, and thus her attention was withdrawn from the horrible fascination of the vast space below.

But the crags where the child could stand would not bear the man; to ascend from the Chine, or the still more tortuous path, would consume more time than dare be risked. But one way—he saw it, and in the cause dared it. Swifter than I can describe, or you can read—his more cumbrous garments flung aside—he darted to the foot of the black rocks, and with giant efforts—straining every nerve, testing the powers of those limbs of iron—he toiled up the rugged and perpendicular height. From crag to crag, from seared and gnarled root to tough fern knot, he swung himself, his course marked with the blood that flowed from his flesh, cut and gashed—wounds he never felt—as, by the most perilous feat of all, he flung himself across the gap from the rock to the Chine, and, gaining the summit, drew his body over along the plain solid surface. In another moment the child was in his arms, close pressed to the breast of the strange man; and he, with giant strides, hurrying down the not too accessible pathway through the Chine; good Huna, who had bravely done his part, following close after.

The mother, half distraught, sprang forward to meet him, hardly daring to believe it was other than the lifeless body of her child.

But when the little voice cried out to her, when she saw the bright eyes and the sweet face she had given over for lost, when she felt her child's arms about her, she sank down against the rock, overcome with excess of joy and gratitude; her trembling limbs refused to support her; and in silence, and unrebuked, Meghorn bore the child, and supported her to their cottage, where, unrebuked, he so entered for the first time.

Then, as she clasped her child in her arms, the whole sense of her wonderful preservation came full upon her, and nature overcame. As her tears wept over the head of her darling, she turned her eyes to the preserver who stood by, and, falling on her knees, she clasped his hand to her breast, and cried—"God bless you!"

Saul Meghorn felt all he uttered in that impassioned stream of fervid eloquence he poured forth, kneeling by the side of the miserable widow, who, her child quietly put to rest, had bound up the wounded hand of her preserver; her kind nature could not refuse this much at such a moment. Alas! she saw, with pain not to be told, that her outburst of gratitude, her tearful exclamation, had finally unlocked the pent-up emotions of the man, and doomed her to hear that she had with dread so long avoided.

"And hear me, Nelly," he went on, as she, with averted face and streaming eyes, in vain tried to draw away the hand he held. "Though I love you as my life, though, from the moment I first beheld you, I felt that you had the power to make me a better man, to turn me from the careless life I have hitherto led—Nelly, though I would hazard life and soul to do you service—believe me, it is not all selfishness—not alone for my own happiness I speak. Dear woman, believe me, your happiness and comfort shall be my constant thought; your life shall be filled with pleasure—your child shall be dear to me as yourself—nothing that money can purchase or love procure shall be wanting. Ah! dear girl, do but hear me; do not hate me for loving you."

She turned her head slowly, and in a broken voice replied—

"*Hate* you! I hate no one. God knows I am but a poor broken, sinful woman. Oh, Saul Meghorn! do not talk so. You have been a friend; you have served us as none of the rest could, though they had the will good to do it You have just saved my darling child's life; for the love of God, don't talk of hating; but—but——"

She trembled, broke down in her speech, and sank back upon the settle behind her.

He rose slowly, still holding her hand, and drew closer to her side.

"Nelly, you are alone; you lead a life of hardship and grief; it cannot last, dear woman—the end will be your illness, and perhaps worse. Her—what will become of her?"

He pointed in the direction of the bed, where the soft breathing of the little sleeper made itself heard.

"For her sake, dearest woman—for her sake, let me be all to you both! Nelly, as I said, forget the old times, if you dislike to think of them; let me be the only friend you know, since you are alone in the world; forget——"

"How can I ever forget—oh, Meghorn!" she interrupted: "how can I forget what drove *him* from me? Ar'n't the words fixed in my brain?—cut on my heart they might be. Night and day, night and day I say them to myself, over and over again. Haven't I laid awake, through such weary hours, and thought, and thought, until they have risen like out of the dark before me—'Nelly, I know your wickedness and deceit;' and my head has burnt and my lips have dried up, and I've risen and paced to and fro, to and fro, and cried, 'Oh, if I had not! oh, if I had not——' My God, forget! *forget!*"

The smuggler's dark visage paled as in a frenzied voice she poured forth her agony, and her tear-swollen eyes flashed with the fire of delirium; but he never let go the hand she would have wrenched from him, till, exhausted, she drooped her head, and again turned away.

He paused awhile, then went on in a low but determined tone.

"Nelly, I have not always been as I am. Time was when I could have chosen from beautiful and wealthy women a bride, who would have thought herself honored, too, by my choice. But of them I never felt as of you, that there was a power to save me from evil. By the most lovely and most sought I have again and again seen men tempted to their own ruin, or led into follies that lowered them beneath the contempt of their fellows. I had learned, I thought, experience, and yet I fell into the snare."

"By a woman I was betrayed into folly, wrong, and wretchedness; then worse; until there was no faith nor hope; nothing but despair, and defiance, and recklessness. Oh, Nelly! if you knew, if you could but see what a sudden light was shown me when I first met you! I felt then there *was* a chance, there was some hope. I felt born again to belief and happiness. I was seized with a loathing for the life I led; and for your sake, for you, dear, beautiful, good woman, I sacrificed more than I tell you. I loved you; I believed you loved me. Surely I was not to blame?"

"I don't blame, I don't blame," she said, hastily. "I curse *my own* wicked and vain folly and deceit."

"Dear woman, sweet Nelly, if you knew the misery I have suffered, the horrible disappointment and despair that came over all my hopes when you told me——"

Hastily she motioned for him to stay the terrible remainder. She had ceased to strive now, her hand rested passively in his, her tears were flowing quietly with pity. He, of stronger purpose, knew and pursued his advantage.

"I have haunted the place that held you. I have longed for this moment, yet I have feared your anger and respected your grief. Oh! Nelly, hear me! Look on me! Pity a man that you now could save, or send him out upon a world where there is neither hope, nor comfort, nor life without you."

And, again kneeling at her feet, he ceased, and let go, for the first time, the hand of the widow.

There was silence for some minutes; her tears were dried, and the old, steadfast look had come upon her face again, when she spoke.

"Saul Meghorn, I tell you my heart and love are in his grave. I shall never, never care for living man again. It's the truth—how can I be what you ask of me?"

"Nelly, I said it was not for self, let me be your protector, and friend, and *all*. I have sufficient to live well and pleasantly. It shall be as you will, here or elsewhere. Dear woman, you pitied me just now; you bound up the cut and bleeding hands—so you can heal my heart, that has been aching and wounded this many a day. I will never, be sure, ask more than you can bestow, nor ask you to forget the past, except I can make you happier than it——"

She shook her head slowly, still her face turned from him; but ere a minute had passed, she fixed her sunken eyes on his.

"Saul Meghorn, I am but a sinful and unhappy woman; I tell you truth, I shall never leave off grieving and sorrowing for my own dreadful sins nor for him that's gone. But I wronged you, too, and pained you, you say. God knows, I'd do much to make amends, and mychild——" her voice faltered.

"Heaven so deal with me, as I with her and you," said Saul, in deep and earnest tones.

She put her cold hand voluntarily into his. But her head was again averted—she shuddered as he caught her to his breast; and the cheek that met his burning lips touched them like ice.

In a toneless whisper she bade him go now, and promised to see him on the morrow.

Exulting, the smuggler strode down the path to Deepgang. He had gained the one desire on which the whole force of his unyielding will had long been bent.

Alone, she knelt at the bedside of her sleeping child.

It was not petition for strength, neither in prayer, she strove till dawn—but a vague feeling lay heavy at her soul, that, in some sort, she needed forgiveness for the compact she had entered into; that of him she had lost, she would fain crave pardon—though for what, she could not have said.

Heavier her burden could not be, she had thought twenty-four hours ago. She had learnt, now, how much weightier it could be made; and death, she felt, could only release her now.

Yet, for pity's sake, and "for *hers*," she repeated to herself, again and again, as she wept over her little Ida, and tried to think only that he had saved her life.

So she listened, as the innocent prattled of her adventure, and extolled, in childish gratitude, her preserver, Huna, and his master; an old acquaintance of little Ida, who had many experiences of childish treasures and dainties conveyed in surreptitious mementoes before the cottage door, and which poor Nelly had endeavored, but in vain, to guard against, instinctively dreading that which had at length come to pass.

Both Huna and his master were, however, free of the quiet little home now, and availed themselves of the privilege to the full.

The neighbors—nay, the whole village—wondered and talked; some were scandalised, some approved. But it was all one to the widow. She had passed her word, moved by emotions which even herself would have found a difficulty in explaining, and she would keep it.

The times of coquetry and petty tribulation were past now. Her heart might bleed, but it was uncomplainingly. The sacrifice would be made without a sigh. She went about the old duties in the old way, only when, at evening, little Ida made the usual request of—

"Sin', moner, p'ease—a '*ittle son*'"

"Mother can't sing, dear pet: Ida must sing to herself now: mother will never sing any more."

Even the soothing hymn of prayerful hope was hushed henceforth, and her sweet voice broke the echoes by its pleasant strains no more. To be continued.

◆

Exertion.—Don't live in hopes with your arms folded. Fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves and put shoulders to the wheels that propel them on to wealth and happiness. Cut this out, and carry it about in your vest pocket, ye who idle at the corners of streets.

◆

He that cannot forgive others breaks down the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man hath need to be forgiven.

SONG OF THE PALM.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Joyously, joyously sound the trump,
  And lift the sonorous psalm
When ye stand in the thoughtful shadow made
  By the towering, holy palm:
For the wreath of the sainted ones I grow,
  For the martyr robed in fire,
As the Angels lean o'er the terrible scene,
  And sweep Redemption's lyre.

II.

On the hills of the Holy Land I wave;
  O'er the heart of Palestine;
O'er the spot where the white-lipped prophet stood
  When he shook with the breath divine,
By the tomb of the Glorious One who spake
  As man never spake before—
O well may the sons of men be awed
  When they list to my ancient lore!

III.

How my leaves have wreathed a Stephen's tomb!
  How they still over Patmos' shrine,
In a blaze of the deathless glory flushed,
  And by seraphs guarded, twine!
Then joyously, joyously sound the trump,
  And lift the sonorous psalm
When ye stand in the thoughtful shadow made
  By the towering, holy palm!

TREED BY A PANTHER.

THE STORY OF A FRENCH OFFICER.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

While quartered with my regiment in a wild, mountainous region of Algeria, I occasionally made excursions into the surrounding country, in quest of the smaller game which abounded in that vicinity; and though far from being one of the best marksmen of my corps, I seldom returned to camp with less than a dozen brace of partridges, and numbers of hares, wild geese, plovers, quails, and so on. This success in a short time made me quite infatuated with the sport, and I began to think of quitting the service and turning hunter altogether. Perhaps I should have done so but for a serious adventure which befell me not long afterward, and which completely weaned me from the desire of making my home in the forest.

One bright morning in September I set off with a companion at a very early hour, and shaped my course for a swampy field, distant some three or four leagues, and which, owing to the rough country intervening, we did not reach till the sun was from one to two hours above the eastern horizon.

This swampy field stretched along the base of a steep, rocky and wood-covered ridge, dividing the latter from a clear, beautiful lake; and the rich alluvion was so soft and miry in places as to require considerable caution on the part of the explorer to avoid a fatal engulfment. The thicket was filled with legions of snipe and other small game; and as these had been our chief attraction to the spot, we gave little thought to the risks of the undertaking, but boldly plunged into the darker recesses of the swamp and began our work of destruction.

I soon tired of it, however, for it was literally slaughter and not sport. No skill whatever was required. All we had to do was to load with shot, point our guns at the nearest cloud of birds, pull the trigger, and pick up the spoil by dozens.

"This will never do for me, Victor!" said I to my companion. "I am not partial to any unusual trouble in bringing down game—but then I do like a chance to aim once in a while, if only for the sake of keeping my hand in. The idea of shooting birds as they are in the act of alighting on the muzzles of our guns! Bah!"

"My dear fellow," replied my companion, "it may be very fine sport for you to go stumbling about through the woods, and getting a shot now and then from a distance too great for a poor marksman like me; but the fact is, I like to shoot often, and kill something every time I fire, and where can I find a place better suited to my tates and abilities than this?"

"If you were to get a large coop, cram it full of domestic fowls, and fire a cannon, loaded with small grape, into it, you might possibly kill more at one shot than you do now, but I am not sure the sport would be any more exciting, or that you would have a chance to display any greater amount of skill."

"Ah, well, you may laugh at me if you will," he answered, with a peculiar shrug, and "meantime I will shoot snipe."

"Victor, there are more lying dead around us now than we can carry back to camp, and so pray let us quit and try and find something more worthy of French officers!"

"And all because you are obliged to shoot at two yards instead of thirty! Nonsense! I care not for such glory. Let me do my work here, and do you go up and fire from yonder hill. Then we shall both be satisfied—I because I shall kill my game at close quarters, and you because you will do the same from a skillful distance. What do you say?"

"That I will go up the hill, contemplate the surrounding scene, and give you a couple of hours more to carry on your butchery. But be ready by that time to depart, or I shall leave you alone in your glory."

"All right, my friend—I shall do wonders in two hours."

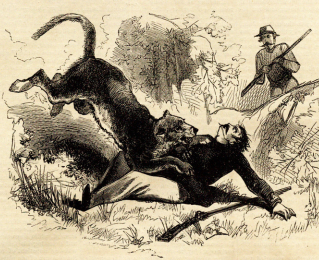
"Kill a thousand poor innocent snipe at least!" said I, as I turned away, with a smile of contempt, and began to pick my way out of the thicket.

On quitting the swamp and gaining the hard ground at the base of the ridge, I did not immediately ascend the latter, but sauntered along the level for a couple of hundred yards, my mind occupied with thoughts and reflections that led me far away from the scene around me. In this manner I approached a large, beautiful spring of clear, cold water, that bubbled up through the roots of an immense tree, whose dense foliage threw over it most delightful shade, and I mechanically stopped to gaze upon it before my mental vision took any cognizance of what the material saw.

At length my attention was arrested by what appeared to be the recent footprints of some wild beast made in the soft, moist earth of the margin, and a close and deliberate examination led me to believe the animal to be a panther, which had stopped and drank at the spring within a few hours, but whether before or since daylight I could not determine. At all events, here was something with which to amuse myself during the two hours allotted to my companion, and I forthwith began to trace the course of the retreating beast, with a view to following its trail for a short distance, and happily finding its lair somewhere in the vicinity.

My companion was still busy at his destructive work in the swamp—scarcely a minute passed that I did not hear the report of his piece—and resolved not to disturb him, or venture beyond the sound of his gun, I began to follow the tracks of my nobler game. For fifty yards the trail ran along the edge of the swamp, and then turned up the hill, where it was lost on the harder ground; and as I had no dogs with me to take up the scent, I should never have thought of looking further for the animal if there had been anything better with which to amuse and occupy my mind. As it was, however, I went up the hill, giving all the denser undergrowth a cautious inspection before entering it, and carefully examining the rocky ledges for some crevice, hole, or cave, in which the beast might have its home.

An hour, thus passed, found me upon the top of the ridge, leaning my back against a large old tree, whose lower lateral branches were showing signs of decay. I had already given up my search for the beast, and had stopped here to rest and take a quiet survey of the scene below, with its narrow belt of swamp, its glistening lake, broad, level, open plain beyond, and once more had my mind begun to wander away to still brighter scenes in a distant land, when I suddenly became interested in a peculiar whining sound that seemed to be made close to me.



I looked down at my feet, and beheld hard, solid earth; I walked around the tree, and could not discover the smallest hole for any animal to burrow in; I carefully inspected all the branches overhead, but did not detect even so much as a bird among them. Where had the sounds come from? and by what had they been made? I listened, but all was again still. Had it been mere fancy on my part?

For some ten minutes I stood perplexed, lost in wonder and conjecture; but not hearing anything more during this time, I was on the point of moving away to seek my companion, when I was almost startled by the same sounds being repeated as near to me as before. What were these sounds? and whence came they? Again I went around the tree, and carefully examined everything, above and below, but could not perceive a single spot where an animal half the size of my fist could be screened from my view.

As the first and main crotch of the tree was not more than ten or twelve feet from the ground, I resolved to ascend to that and see if I could possibly gain any clue to the mystery; and laying my gun flat down on the earth, so that by no accidental discharge its contents could be lodged in my body, I was soon at the point designated. Here, much to my surprise, I found a large cavity, or hollow, in the very centre of the tree; and at the bottom of this hollow, or about four feet below me, were a couple of sleek, fat animals, with shiny eyes, and more resembling two medium-sized, yellowish cats than anything else to which I can liken them.

On seeing me, the little fellows exhibited signs of fear and dislike, by drawing back as far as they could, bristling, and spitting like kittens; and I, wondering what they were, was watching them with a feeling of interest and curiosity, when suddenly there came to my ears a wild cry or scream, that seemed to thrill through every nerve and fibre of my body, almost causing me to lose my hold and fall to the ground. A second wild cry followed closely on the first; but it needed not this repetition to tell me what it was and warn me of my danger. The panther, whose trail I had followed, and the mother of the little animals in the hollow below me, was returning to her offspring, and already I could see her yellowish form gliding along through a cluster of bushes scarcely a hundred yards distant.

In the name of Heaven, what was I to do? My gun, loaded only with shot, was on the ground below, and should I leap down for it, the ferocious beast might be upon me before I could gain a place of safety; and the charge, not being powerful enough to kill, would still leave me at her mercy; while if I remained where I was, with nothing but a knife for defence, I should undoubtedly be torn to pieces in a very few moments. Under ordinary circumstances, or away from her young, I should have had little fear of the beast; but here where I was, I felt certain she would attack at once, and ferociously fight to the death.

But what was I to do? To remain where I was would be certain death, and to leap to the ground seemed to promise nothing better. I thought rapidly—a thousand ideas flashed through my mind in a moment—and my plan was fixed by a sort of lightning impulse. I would ascend the tree to its highest branches—to a hight which the heavy panther could not reach—and there be guided by circumstances.

No sooner resolved upon, than I began to put in execution my design; but ere I was half way to the top, I heard a terrific screech below me, and, looking down, perceived to my horror the fearful beast fast making her way up the body of the tree toward me. It is needless to say that I used every exertion of which the human frame is capable when prompted by the fear of an appalling death, and I crashed upward through the leaves and branches with a rapidity that has always been a matter of wonder to myself.

When I had gained one of the topmost limbs, that bent under my weight and swayed to and fro, the terrible panther, lashing her tail with rage and fury, was scarcely more than ten feet below me; but I thanked God most fervently that, though only that distance divided us, it was beyond her power to lessen it. She had already reached the highest point that the slender limbs and her great weight would permit, and I was therefore safe so long as I could keep my place. But it was not a pleasant thing to know that I had as little power to harm her as she had to injure me, and that she could remain on the watch below as long as I could possibly cling to the limbs above, and that on account of her young she would probably not leave again while I should retain my position, unless drawn off by an attack from another foe.

My only hope was now in the aid of my companion; and though, considering his poor marksmanship, I regarded his appearance here as a fearful alternative, yet, as there was no other means of escape, I forthwith began to shout his name with all my vocal strength; while the panther, as if comprehending my design, uttered a few menacing growls, and one terrific screech, and then thrashed about the tree in a manner that shook the upper limbs frightfully, and once so disturbed my footing that I came near falling to the spot she occupied.

At length I heard the faint reply of Victor Etienne, to which I responded with my loudest cries for help. In a minute or two I heard the sound of his voice nearer, and I continued to scream for help, in order to hasten his movements and guide him to my rescue. At the end of perhaps another two minutes, but which really seemed like ages to me, I caught a view from my elevated position of his slender figure darting among the bushes at the foot of the hill. I could now easily reach him with my voice, and in a few hurried words I informed him of my perilous situation and the danger of an unguarded approach. In another minute he had mounted a large rock, from which he could both see and be seen, and in a tone tremulous with fear and emotion, he inquired what he could do to aid me.

"Put two balls in each barrel, put on good caps, and then advance steadily and firmly, and keep your presence of mind!" I shouted back to him. "Should the beast descend to attack you, do not fly from her, but pour in your fire at close quarters, and pray God to make your shot fatal!"

Scarcely had I spoken this, when another slight shake of the upper limbs drew my attention to the panther, which I now perceived in the act of lightly and stealthily descending the tree. That she had seen my companion I did not doubt, nor that she was now retiring from me for the purpose of attacking him; and these facts I instantly communicated to him, with the injunction to stand firm, keep calm, and be prepared for the worst. I could see that he was excited even to trembling; but he replied, in a tolerably steady voice, that he would do the best he could."

"And if possible," I rejoined, "I will get down and come to your aid."

With an interest the most intense—such an interest as we feel when life and death are in the balance—I watched the descent of my foe. She paused over her young for a few moments, uttered a peculiar whine, and then leaped to the ground and darted off to the nearest thicket.

Now I thought was my time; and telling my companion what had happened, to be on his guard, and what I proposed to do, I hastily descended the tree, seized my gun, and dropped a couple of balls into each barrel. This I had accomplished, and was in the act of examining the caps, when, with a wild roar of fury, the beast, which I supposed to be some distance away, sprung out of the nearest covert and rushed upon me. There was no time for an aim, and no necessity for it. Quick as lightning I cocked both barrels, brought the piece to a level with my breast, and pulled both triggers. The furious animal was even then leaping upon me, and received the entire contents of the gun-balls, shot and wadding, in her face and breast, and came down upon me, mortally wounded, hurling me to the earth, and seriously lacerating me in her dying agonies. With the most desperate exertions I struggled beyond her reach, and then, with torn garments and covered with blood, leaned against a tree for support. My alarmed companion now came running up, and put an end to the dying beast by pouring the contents of both his barrels into her already mangled head.

After killing the two young panthers, my friend assisted me back to the camp, where for two or three weeks I remained unfit for duty, secretly vowing I would thenceforth leave the hunting of wild beasts to whoever might feel disposed to engage in the dangerous occupation. Since that eventful day I have seen some years of service in the strife with men, but have ever steadily refrained from engaging in any profession aside from my line of duty.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons have supposed some of them to be *manufactured* for the purpose of adapting the answers to them. They are all genuine, written evidently in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

ANTI-HUMBUG.—The rules of etiquette are not only founded in good taste, but also in sound sense. They are the results of practical experience extending through centuries. The one which you cavil at, to wit, that the fork, and not the knife, should be used in carrying food to the mouth, is founded in good sense no less than in decency. In the first place, food is more apt to slip from the smooth side of a knife blade than to fall from the tines of a fork, and consequently a person who "eats with his knife" does so awkwardly, and in a coarse, slobbery, doggish manner. Nor is a sharp knife always a pleasant or safe instrument to thrust into the mouth, and a knowledge of this fact adds still farther to the awkwardness of one who "eats" with it. Again, it sometimes happens that it becomes necessary to cut some article of food on the table with one's knife, and people are not unfreqently so fastidious as to object to this being done with an implement that has made repeated visits to any mouth whatever. These are some of the reasons why it is considered better to use the fork in preference to the knife for carrying food to the mouth.

FEARFUL.—The qualifications of a bookkeeper are: first, a plain and rapid handwriting; secondly, a thorough and familiar knowledge of arithmetic; thirdly, a knowledge of the art and mystery of bookkeeping; fourthly, such temperate and abstemious habits as will enable him to spend ten or twelve hours a day at the desk without injury to his health. We say nothing about integrity, because, that is the fundamental qualification for every vocation. Perhaps, we should add, that to be a good bookkeeper, a man must have a certain quietness of pulse and nerve, an organization that is favorable to the acquirement of the cardinal virtue of patience. To be prompt and quick without ever being in a hurry, is one of the requisites of bookkeeping. There are born bookkeepers, and there are men of much general ability who could never excel in that calling. Your letter was evidently written in a hurry; from which we should augur ill of your success in keeping books. The man formed by nature for that profession, is one who, from his cradle to his grave, never hurries, and is never too late.

DISPUTANTS.—The island upon which is built the city of New York has an extreme length of thirteen and a half miles, and an average breadth of two miles. The island is widest at Eighty-eighth street, where it is two miles and a half from river to river. The Harlem river, which severs the island from the main land is navigable for small steamboats and sloops. Broadway will be fourteen miles long when the island is completely built over; the crookedness of the street rendering it half a mile longer than the island itself.

H. H. K.—The substance called meerschaum, of which pipes are made, is no mystery, as you seem to suppose, but is as well known to science as any other kind of clay. Chemical analysis shows it to contain about fifty parts of sillica, or flint, twenty-five parts of magnesia, and twenty-five of water. It is found in the island of Elba, in Piedmont, in Greece, in England, and at Hoboken in New Jersey. When first dug, it lathers like soap, and was therefore called *meerschaum*, which means "the foam of the sea." The Tartars, it is said, actually use it in washing their clothes. The pipes are formed and hardened just as all pottery is, but they are subjected to some other processes before they are ready for use.

SCHOOLBOY.—It is computed by French naturalists that the carrying strength of the various beasts of burthen, as compared with that of a man, is as follows: A reindeer can carry three times as much as a man; an ass, four times as much; a horse or mule, eight times as much; a dromedary, twenty-five times as much; a camel, thirty-one times as much; an elephant, one hundred and forty-seven times as much. In drawing, one horse or mule is considered equal to seven men; an ass to two men; an ox to five men; a dog to three-fifths of a man.

CLERK.—Not only was the crime of arson formerly punished by death, but even the setting a house on fire by carelessness was treated as a crime. We have seen an account of a trial that took place in London in 1763, which resulted in the conviction of a servant for carelessly setting on fire his master's house. He was sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

L. H. G.—The pronunciation of the name of the German poet, Goethe, cannot be described in print. Ask the first German you meet. It is something like *Guh-teh*.

G. T. L.—Sir Hudson Lowe, after the death of Napoleon, was transferred from St. Helena to a more important employment, and remained in the British service until his death, which occurred in 1844. Before deciding upon his conduct toward Napoleon, you should read his version of the story, as published, since his death, in a collection of his letters and papers. Our impression, from reading that work, is, that Sir Hudson Lowe was an honest man, and a faithful soldier, but a vulgar hater of Napoleon, after the *stupid* British pattern; and that the real cause of Napoleon's hatred of him was, that he *would* do his duty in a manner that was as offensive as possible to his captive. Napoleon's behavior, while on the island of St. Helena, was not always dignified; sometimes it was silly and despicable, and showed that, with all his remarkable gifts, he could occasionally be a very petty person. The truly great man is greatest in adversity, and never appears so sublime as when, stripped of the appendages of rank, he reveals the native dignity and strength of his mind by patiently submitting to what cannot be helped. Napoleon was a great soldier; not a great man.

ANTIQUARY.—We are surprised antiquary should not know that advertising for a wife is an ancient custom. We have quite a collection of such advertisements from the newspapers of the last century. The following, from the London Daily Advertizer of 1758, may serve as a specimen: "LADIES! A young gentleman, aged 25, easy in fortune, happy in temper, of tolerable parts, not superficially polite, but genteel address, some knowledge of the world, and little acquaintance with the Fair, presumes to offer his service to one, not exceeding ten years older than himself, of good nature and affable disposition, absolutely mistress of at least £1,000; she will find the utmost sincerity from one who would make it the ultimate end of his ambition to render the marriage state truly happy. Any lady who has spirit enough to break through the idle customs of the age, and not give trouble out of mere curiosity, may leave a line for X. O., at Gregg's Coffee House. The most inviolable secresy and honor will be punctually observed." This is one of the shortest in our collection. Many are more like essays than advertisements.

SIGNET.—You need not have told us that your attempts to master the grammar of the English language have been unsuccessful, for your letter is full of errors, both of grammar and spelling. You ask us for a "feasible plan of study for a person that is very anxious to become better acquainted with his native tongue." You have probably heard that there is no royal road to learning; nor is there any easy one. You must get a good treatise on grammar, and devote an hour a day to the study of it for six months. When you are extremely puzzled, walk up to the school-house, and ask the teacher to explain things a little. If that is not convenient or agreeable, apply to any educated person in the town, the doctor, the lawyer, the parson, either of whom will be delighted and proud to assist you. There is something in the spectacle of a young man trying to improve his mind that wins the sympathy and admiration of everybody. You will have no lack of teachers, if you make your desires known.

HONORIA.—You seem to be too much given to fault-finding. This is the third letter we have received from you which is full of gall and bitterness. There are too many like you in the world. Did it ever occur to you what an extinguisher it would place upon almost all fault-finding, if the caviller would first stop to settle this question: *Should I, in similar circumstances, have conducted better or more judiciously?* Of course, when we say this question would act as an extinguisher, we mean if it were fairly and honestly answered, not meanly dodged, or evaded in a spirit of self-justification. We fancy many mouths now open, and busy with what does not concern them, would be closed, and as silent at this question as if speech were impossible. At any rate, it would do none of us any harm to keep it by us, as a test in all cases where irritation is getting the upper hand of judgment and reason. Suppose you apply it to the cases which now seem to exercise you so much, and see if it will not produce a beneficial effect.

KENTUCK.—Thousands of years ago, when men were savages, it was right and necessary for every man to be his own lawgiver and avenger; but as civilization advanced this became unnecessary by the institution of law and government. In fact, the essential difference between a civilized and a barbarous community is this: in the one, Law is supreme; in the other, brute force. We admit that the provocation which you received was most grievous to be borne. The man who could assail your sick father with coarse vituperation must be a savage, and the treatment he received at your hands was only what he deserved. But though a son owes reverence and protection to his parents, he has duties also to his country, to the community in which he lives, to civilization; and so long as the laws of Kentucky provide for the public and peaceful redress of private injuries, to those laws should every injured citizen appeal. If the laws are inadequate, it is for the people to procure better ones.

MADISON, JUN.—The common clay tobacco pipes are made in the following manner: first, a boy rolls out a piece of soft clay as long as the stem is designed to be; then, he attaches to one end of this a round lump of clay. This is laid out to dry for a few hours to make the clay a little stiffer. Next, a man runs a wire down the stem for the bore, guiding the wire by feeling the progress of its point with his left hand. The long, unshapen strip of clay, with the lump at one end, and the wire still in it, is next put into an iron pipe-mould, which opens on hinges to receive it. By simply shutting the mould, the pipe is formed. The workman then draws out the wire, takes the pipe from the mould, removes the superfluous clay, and puts the pipe in the sun to harden. After drying a day or two, it is baked in an oven, and is ready for use.

JERSEYMAN.—Until about a century ago the number of metals was reckoned at fourteen, but during the last eighty or ninety years a large number of metals has been discovered. Naturalists now state the number of known metals to be fifty-one. All the metals of very great value were known to the ancients. Among modern discoveries, platinum and arsenic are perhaps the most important.

SCHOOLBOY.—Robert Fulton built his first steamboat on the Seine, in France, in 1803; his second, in New York in 1807. Fulton did not claim to be the inventor of the steamboat, but only of the wheel by which steamboats are propelled. The man who seems first to have conceived the idea of propelling vessels by steam was John Fitch of Pennsylvania.

NESCIO.—It would require more space than we have at command to tell you "how the Rothschilds got to be so rich," but we will give you a current legend on the subject: The founder of the House, Meyer Anselm Rothschild, one hundred years ago, was a broker and money-changer in good business, at Frankfort-on-the Maine. He continued to prosper in a usual and moderate manner for many years, until, in 1792, an event occurred which led to his becoming the money king of Europe. The French having captured Frankfort, agreed to save the town from pillage, provided a large sum of money was paid to them within a very short time. The authorities of the town, unable to raise the amount, applied to Rothschild, who, in turn, applied to the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, with whom he had had frequent transactions. The Landgrave lent the money and the town was saved. This affair both raised the reputation of the House, and increased its business. In 1806, after the battle of Jena, Napoleon marched upon the territories of this very Landgrave, who had in the vaults of his castle five millions of dollars in silver, about two hundred tons weight, part of which money he obtained for the Hessians hired by England during our revolutionary war. To save this mass of treasure from falling into the hands of the French was a matter of extreme difficulty. The Landgrave, before his flight, sent for Rothschild, and offered him the use of the entire sum without interest, if he would save it. By the aid of a large circle of Jewish friends, the banker succeeded in so effectually hiding the treasure, that the French, after a hasty search, concluded that it had been removed, and continued their march. The possession of this vast sum, in hard cash, at such a time, when so many princes were in want, and when credit was at the lowest ebb, made the Rothschilds the richest house in Europe. Other pieces of good luck befell them during those wars, which they knew how to turn to the best account. The five sons of Rothschild were associated in business with their father, and greatly contributed to the solidity and extensiveness of the business. When the old gentleman died in 1821, he had a branch banking-house at Paris, London, Vienna, Naples and Frankfort, each under the superintendence of one of his sons.

RONALD.—You do not do our rich people justice in your remarks upon alms-giving. It is probably true that there are deserving poor in New York who go unrelieved, and sometimes, perhaps, perish. But we feel constrained to say, in justice to the benevolent character of the rich in this city, that they minister in no niggard spirit to the wants of the destitute. If there is any honest and decent family suffering in New York to-day from *actual want*, it is because the case is not known to those who stand ready, as the stewards and almoners of the Great Provider, to give of the plenty with which he has blessed them, to their suffering brethren. This we verily believe. One good Samaritan, who will not be forgotten in the day when charity receives its "righteous recompense of reward," daily feeds at his own cost, with wholesome and nourishing food, from two hundred to four hundred persons; nor is this the first season of distress in which he has opened his charitable doors to the famishing. We do not believe in public or *street* alms-giving. The true way to help the poor is to feed and clothe them when they are actually suffering, and to find them employment by which they can earn their subsistence, if possible. Give nothing to street beggars with bloated faces. Distrust the eleemosynary whine of the persistent mendicant. Investigate the facts before you make your donations, for every sixpence given to professional, gin-reeking mendicancy, is so much withheld from the relief fund of the deserving poor.

MARIO.—This inquirer says he frequently meets in novels descriptions of suppers and banquets, in which mention is made of articles of food that he knows nothing about. The ortolan is the last example of the kind; and he conjures us, by all that's delicious, to tell him what an ortolan is, whether fish, flesh or fowl. An ortolan, sir, is a small bird found in the south of Europe, and exceedingly valued by epicures. Ortolans are caught in traps. When first taken they are very lean, but have the peculiarity of fattening with great rapidity while confined in cages. In a few weeks they become mere balls of fat, of the most delicate consistency, and delicious flavor. To avoid crushing the flesh, the birds are killed by holding their heads in a glass of brandy. After removing the feathers, cutting off the bill and feet, the cook wraps the bird in a paper saturated with olive oil, and toasts him over a slow fire. The genuine gourmand eats the whole of the ortolan, but more delicate persons remove the gizzard. Ortolans, packed in air-tight tin boxes, are sold in most of the large cities of the world. They are worth in New York about one dollar each.

ONE WHO WISHES THEM WELL writes to us about sewing girls, as follows: "I often wish, as I pass the sewing girls of New York, on their way to and from their places of employment, that they could be persuaded to believe how much more respectable and estimable they would not only *appear*, but be, if they would spend their hard earnings, so far as they invest them in clothing, a little more judiciously; if thick-soled boots could replace gilt earrings, and a warm shawl a tawdry dress bonnet, and a sensible, plain, substantial dress the lockets and finger-rings, which look so out of place on their cold, gloveless hands, how much better they would look, to say nothing of the fact that it is a question of health and life with them. Few who thus foolishly squander what is so hardly earned, reflect upon the desolateness of a hospital, or of a sick or death-bed, when the 'dark days' shall come. *I* cannot but think of all this, day after day, as they pass me, and I long to whisper in their giddy ears this timely word of caution." These are very timely and friendly suggestions, which those to whom they are addressed would do well to heed.

HAPPINESS.—This correspondent tells an interesting story. He loved a lady, and felt that he was beloved by her. He proposed. She confessed that she was attached to him, but, alas! she had to make another confession. 'I love you," she said, "but we must part; our ages are unsuitable. I look younger, but the truth is I am thirty years of age, and you are twenty-three. I please you now, but while you are in the prime of life, my beauty will have departed, and you will lament that you married a woman older than yourself. To part will be sorrowful, but it is far better to part than to live unhappy lives together." These words, instead of allaying the passion of the young gentleman, inflamed it to the highest degree. So much was he pleased with her frank and open avowel. What ought he to do? It is very plain what he will do; he will have talked the lady out of her objections long before these words meet his eye. As a rule, of course, the husband should be older than the wife, but there is no rule without exceptions. If the love of the husband is founded on esteem, it will not take flight at wrinkles and grey hairs. Besides, some women never grow old.

E. R. says: "Last fall I was engaged to be married to a lady. She lived in one State, and I in another. The event was spoken of in our letters to each other as certain. Hers always spoke of the opposition of her parents to the match; and at last she asked to be released from her engagement to me, stating that it was to please her parents that she did so; her feelings to me were the same; that her parents had made her unhappy for life by so doing. Of course I released her, but cannot forget her. What do you think it best for me to do?—go and see her, and ask her parents the reason of their objections, or let all pass?" Go and see her parents, and let your whole conduct be such as to win their approbation in spite of their prejudices. Persevere. How can you hesitate? "Faint heart never won fair lady."

CONNOISSEUR.—The difference between a connoisseur and an amateur is this: a connoisseur is a person who knows something of an art; an amateur is one who *practices* it for his own pleasure. A connoisseur of painting is a judge of the merit of pictures; an amateur paints pictures, or tries to do so. A connoisseur and an amateur are alike in having no pecuniary or professional interest in art. We do not call a picture dealer a connoisseur, nor a bad professional painter an amateur.

A. M.—When a letter is sent to the dead letter office at Washington, it is opened by persons who are sworn not to divulge its contents. If it contains money or any other article of value, it is returned to the person who sent it; if not, it is burned. The letters mentioned by you cannot be recovered.

YOUNG AMERICA.—Neither boxing, fencing, dancing, nor riding can be learned from books; but some valuable hints respecting all those accomplishments may be gleaned from the writings of professors. Any bookseller can give you a list of the works which you desire.

GREENHORN.—"In what language shall I ask a young lady to go with me to a concert?" Ask her in the most simple and natural way in the world. If you have not brains enough to think how, you ought not to expect any lady to go with you.

SOPHIA inquires: "Is it right for a lady, on being visited by a gentleman, to ask him to call again when about leaving?" It is considered proper, after a gentleman has called, to invite him, when leaving, to call again; but improper to ask him before he has ever called.

A FRUIT MERCHANT.—Horace Jones, we believe, weighs nearly 190 lbs. In his profession, his weight is a slight disadvantage to him. *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times* is the best authority in this country on turf matters.

ARGUMENT.—Mercury freezes at 40 degrees below zero, and boils at a heat of 660 degrees.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next*